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#### OUR COVER

• The beach gear worn by our cover girl is both eye-catching AND newsworthy: each item is made of paper! Paper outfits are currently the rage in America (see story and pictures, pages 8 and 9).

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• THESE DRAWINGS were among those done while Graesse was working off his bitterness. Above, "The Execution"; right, "The Atomic Comedy."



STORY OF AN ARTIST NOW PAINTING IN AUSTRALIA

# From an East German jail to freedom (except from dreams)

**WHEN** they told me I was being sent to prison for 25 years, a hot, searing pain of despair went through my body. Twenty-five years is a lifetime when you are only 18."

The lithe, tense young man with short, crisp dark hair inhaled deeply on his cigarette. "For me," he said, "it was a death sentence."

Wolfgang Graesse, now 36, and one of Germany's foremost artists and cartoonists, was hanging his first Australian exhibition in a small North Sydney art gallery and speaking reluctantly of the time he faced a Soviet Military Tribunal in East Berlin 18 years ago.

His crime? A series of political cartoons, some lampooning the then Soviet leader, Stalin, which were found in his baggage on a visit to his father in East Germany. These, his accusers said, were anti-Soviet propaganda.

Wolfgang was lucky. He didn't finish his sentence. An amnesty granted to many political prisoners after Stalin's death reduced his term to eight years, and in 1956 he was allowed to cross into West Germany.

Wolfgang, who migrated to Australia early this year with his blond, attractive wife, Carola, was born in Dresden. His parents sepa-

rated when he was very young and his mother married again and went to live in Italy.

He stayed with his father and went through the six years of war—and survived the incessant Allied bombing of Dresden in the last two.

"Oh, yes, I even marched with the Hitler Youth," he grinned wryly.

"In 1945, when the war was rolling to a standstill, everyone looked around with fear. To the East were the Russians, to the West the Nazis—so I decided to run away and find my mother."

It took the 15-year-old boy two months to walk across war-torn Europe to Italy. But he did it, and for three years lived comfortably and peacefully in his mother's home, concentrating on the drawing and painting that had been his passion "from the time I was born."

"My painting was not good at that time. I was too young. But I found I could draw cartoons—political cartoons—and in 1947 I sent about 20 of them to the editor of the Swiss paper 'Weltwoche,' who chose and published one of Stalin.

"I was so very proud. But also I was young, ignorant, and stupid. And I was headstrong."

"I decided I would pay a visit to my father and show him the cartoons I had drawn, tell him of my success with the Swiss people.

"I spent two months with my father in Dresden, but the East Germany I found was not the Germany I remembered."

"People were frightened to speak to each other. There were no such things as friends. Everywhere there was fear, and I wanted to get away—go back to the warmth and freedom of Italy."

"But, as I said, I was young and ignorant. I did not know Communism. I did not know what kind of people there were in my country."

"I was stopped at the Berlin border, my case searched, my cartoons found, and I was taken to prison."

By  
**GLORIA NEWTON**

For three months the young, frightened youth who did not dare reveal he had been visiting his father was subjected to nightly cross-examinations by both Russian and German police and Army.

They accused him of being a spy, saying he would never, otherwise, have left Italy, where the standard of living was so high, for a place as poor as East Germany.

"At first they said nothing about the cartoons. They were clever. Just every night the same thing. 'You are a spy, you must be a spy, why don't you confess?'"

"I was very frightened.

The men who questioned me were very emotional people, and my countrymen were the worst."

"With Germans there is too much discipline. It is in the blood. They must be always correct, they must show the world they are harder, crueller, better than anyone else."

"I was not beaten. I don't know why, for in those three months the sound of men screaming, of crying, the sight of a guard losing his temper and beating a man over the head with a bunch of keys was common."

"Finally, I was taken before the Tribunal. There was no one to defend me. I was just told I had to serve 25 years."

"I was sent to Bautzen, the political prison near Dresden. It was full of professors, doctors, professional men, and even some of the top Nazis."

"It was a life of hopelessness, a vacuum. We were not given anything to do, no work. Every day was the same—about 400 men walking up and down a long, narrow room."

"It was as if time stood still. I was 18 when I went in—I felt 80 when I came out."

"There was a library full of Communist literature and German classics. Some men studied languages, others mathematics, others had dis-

cussion groups. You had to do everything yourself."

"Sometimes I was lucky. The more fortunate who were allowed to work a times in the prison's technical office would smuggle me down paper and pencils, and I could draw."

"But the guards made thorough periodic searches and personal belongings such as these were then destroyed."

"Things were not so bad for the first two years, when the Russians controlled Bautzen. But when they moved out and left the Germans in charge, it was bad, very bad."

"Many of the prisoners died of hunger and many from tuberculosis. Women were used as prison officials and they were harder, crueller than the men."

"But it was a woman I faced when, without warning, I was called up and asked what I would do if I was released."

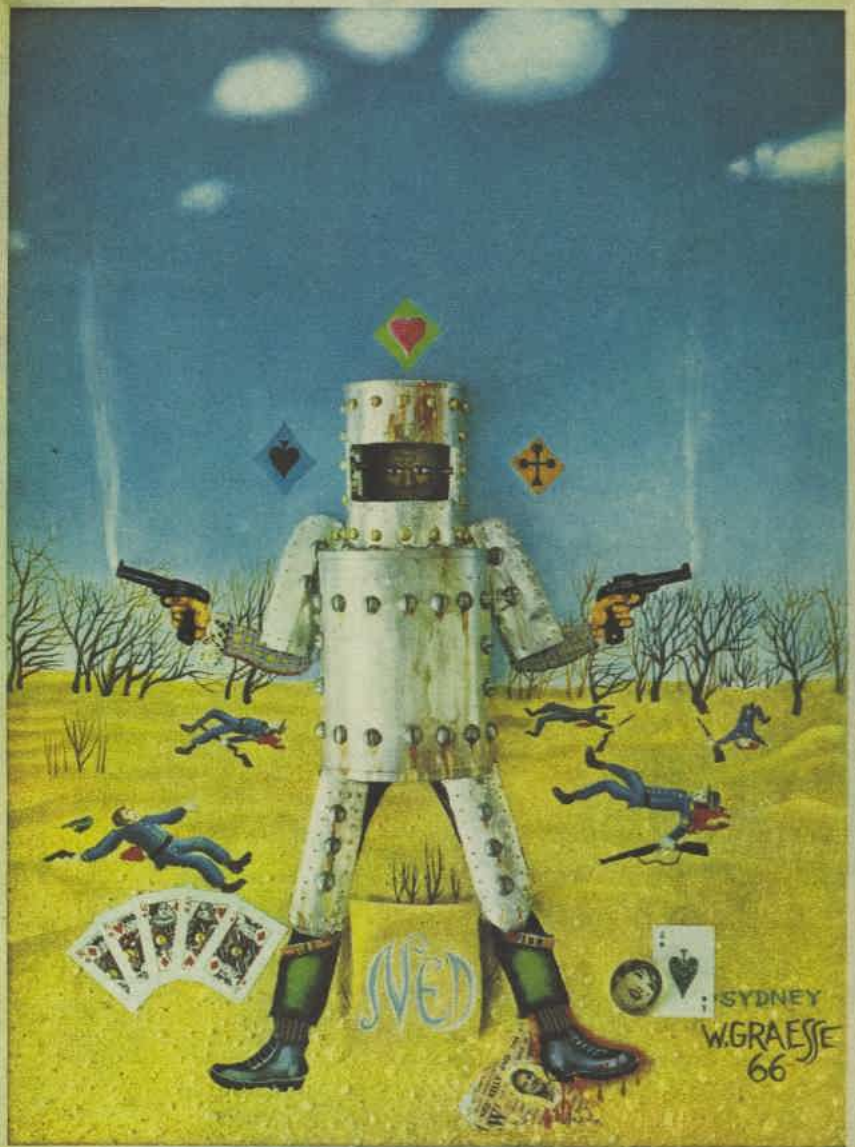
"How can I explain to you that moment? I was like a robot with no thought of the future. Seventeen long years still stretched ahead of me, so I did not think of release. It was this that jolted me. I was frightened at the questions she put to me. 'You would make propaganda against us,' she said."

"And then, abruptly, she said there was a chance I would be allowed to go free. I remember I felt very





ARTIST WOLFGANG GRAESSE and his wife, Carola, are pictured at left. Graesse is holding one of his paintings of a country theme in Australia. In the background are others of his Australian works, some of which depict historical events. BELOW is his picture on the Ned Kelly theme. His work has been praised for — among other things — the great attention given to detail which follows the Germanic tradition in vogue in Europe.



drunk, I couldn't walk properly, I couldn't see, I couldn't talk.

"For two months I waited. Life began to surge up in me again. It was two months of torture, a time of wild and wonderful hopes, of doubts, of suspicions, before the Tribunal announced my freedom.

"The day I was released I was given about \$A2, my train ticket to West Berlin, and a piece of paper that said I must be out of East Germany within 24 hours.

"The time of my release was 4 p.m. on February 12, 1956.

"The German guard on the gate typified the set-up. When I arrived at ten to four he stood checking his watch until the hand was exactly on the hour before opening the gate.

"I remember walking slowly out, still not believing it. Then I looked back and saw the guard standing there watching me, and I started to run.

"I kept on running until I got to Dresden.

"The people in the town avoided my eyes. They saw my pallor, my close-cropped hair. They knew where I had come from and I felt so alone.

"But when I got to the station one of the young girls working there gave me a smile and handed me some chocolate. Later, on the train, I found in it a note

which wished me luck and a safe trip home.

"Then once again I was at the Berlin border. Once again there was a policeman beckoning me, telling me to wait in the office. He took the only piece of paper I had — the one given me at Bautzen.

"I stood there with no passport, no identification, nothing. It was more torture.

"But a strange thing happened. The policeman came in and asked quietly, 'How many years?' 'Eight,' I said. He looked at me and said, 'Gangsters.'

"That was all, nothing more. Then he handed me my piece of paper and I crossed over into West Berlin."

Wolfgang Graesse, aged 26, went straight to Munich to find that the friends he once knew there had moved. So for three days he wandered around, not eating, not knowing where to go.

Later, the Munich papers castigated the townspeople for the way they had treated him.

Finally he appealed to the police, who gave him some money and directed him to a displaced persons' camp, where he stayed for a few days before going to friends at Bonn.

"At Bonn I started painting, drawing straightway. I worked feverishly, doing ten,

12 drawings, watercolors a day. And into them I poured all the terrors of war, the cruelty of men, of prisons, the hatred I had in my heart.

"It was as if with these drawings I cleansed my mind of all bitterness."

Wolfgang used these pictures for his first exhibition, only four weeks after his release from Bautzen—"there were no frames, I had no money."

But the exhibition was successful, the notices good, and offers of work became plentiful.

Until he came to Australia, Wolfgang remained in

Germany working in Bonn, Hamburg, and Berlin as a cartoonist, doing commercial art, and painting and drawing.

All told, he gave 12 exhibitions, which received high praise from the critics.

A skilled craftsman in every avenue of art—oils, watercolors, paintings that combine both, woodcuts, commercial art, illustrations, and cartoons—his finely detailed backgrounds show up in all.

At his exhibition he showed some examples of the work he has already done in Australia—historical outback paintings, Central Australian

scenes, and glimpses of the Sydney Harbor foreshores.

Sydney artists who have seen his work describe him as "a fine, gifted artist."

The past has left him with few scars, little bitterness—only his dreams. "I dream always two, three nights a week and it is always the same. I dream I am dreaming that I have my freedom and my dreams are more realistic than life.

"But now Australia is my country. I love your outback and your cities. Carola and I will be happy to stay with you for ever."

Carola, who is expecting her first baby in February, was working as a secretary

in Hamburg when she was introduced to Wolfgang two years ago.

"He didn't ask me out for three months after that," she laughed. "We used to frequent the same coffee bar, but he would only smile and say 'Good day' when we met.

"I was a little afraid of him—he looked so cosmopolitan—very much the sophisticated world traveller.

"When he finally asked me out one night and told me he was an artist I would not believe him. I'd always imagined artists to be untidy, with beards and things like that. Not like Wolfgang."



## NEXT WEEK

★ Hey, kids!! Here's a great new collection of our popular

## SCHOOL BOOK LABELS

... the series for 1967 includes bright color pictures of native flowers and animals (and, of course, there's space on each label to write your name, your school, and the subject).

### AND:

★ Don't miss the touching and nostalgic story

"SEARCH THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE CITY"

by IRWIN SHAW



★ For teenagers: a big color pin-up of pop stars soon to visit Australia ... the WALKER Brothers — his fans call Scott Engel (right) the "suavely swoonful sex symbol of the '60s."

★ For a leisurely way to entertain your friends, our cookery experts suggest ...

### GIVE A TEA PARTY

... with easy-to-prepare "luxury" food.



★ Our modern "House of the Week" has a MEDIEVAL ATMOSPHERE — it's designed for the site: a wooded slope.

### ★ The new new NEW fashion boom is a PANTS SUIT

... we show a pattern now available, and give instructions for a sweater to wear with it.



The Catskills, 100 miles north of New York, boast luxury hotels, top-name entertainment, swimming while it snows. They're also famous as the place ...

## Where girls go in search of husbands

By ROBERT FELDMAN, in New York

● A Cary Grant he isn't. A Natalie Wood she'll never be. So, soon after this truth dawns, New York's unmarried misses tend to migrate 100 miles north to an elegant playground in the Catskill mountain range where they can settle for second best.

THE resort tries hard to be another Eden but comes a cropper because the ratio of the sexes is about three to one against the girls.

A single, presentable male can do quite well in the "singles weekends" organised frequently at the several posh hotels in the area.

He can walk in and rent a room for next to nothing, including access to indoor and outdoor tennis, golf, in-and-outdoor swimming, artificial-snow skiing in season—and beviies of women waiting for him in the bar. It's not equitable, but there it is.

A brochure put out by one world-renowned establishment, Grossinger's, explains the man shortage with frankness and humor. Soliciting the ladies' understanding about the room rates, the booklet adds: "Thank you for helping to send a man to the mountains."

### Immortalised in a novel

The male guests may take advantage of the excellent recreational opportunities, but for the women the chief sport is the "hunt." The quarry is the bachelor, and competition is keen.

Despite all the efforts by the dollar-wise matchmakers at Grossinger's, the Concord, and other hotels to achieve a balance, the odds against meeting an attractive, marriageable male are long.

However, upwards of two million people annually visit Boy-Meets-Girl country, immortalised in dozens of plays, movies, and the Herman Wouk novel "Marjorie Morningstar." It consists of nearly 1000 square miles of beautiful hills, lakes, streams, forests—and more than 300 "swinging" hotels.

About one weekend in two in the big hotels is a "singles weekend," introduced to

keep rooms filled when not booked out for conventions.

"This Could Be Your Last Weekend as a Single" promises one ad. "I Make from Singles Doubles" asserts a matronly face peering out from another.

Once the Catskills were the summer resort for migrant families, mostly Jewish, seeking refuge from New York's heatwaves, and the cooking generally has been kept kosher. For this reason, the resorts are collectively called the "borscht circuit."

In the old days the hotels and boarding-houses were simple. Favorite recreations were berry-picking, softball, hay-rides, and, in the cool nights, rocking in creaky cadence on the vast verandas.

To attract today's affluent young, millions have been sunk into the resorts. The conquest of the seasons is complete: They heat their pools, enclose them in huge hothouses, and make it possible to swim—alongside Buster Crabbe, the house pro at one hotel—while watching the snow swirl outside.

On winter days, if nature has been niggardly, artificial snow is dumped on the ski slopes. Too hot to breathe on a midsummer afternoon? Try the indoor bubble-top ice rink, where you can skate in your bathing costume.

### World's largest nightclub

The Concord boasts that it has the largest nightclub in the world. Into this club—and into others at the competitive hotels—troop America's big-name entertainers. Many got their start in the very same "borscht circuit"—Jerry Lewis, Milton Berle, Red Buttons, Sammy Davis Jr., Danny Kaye.

At Grossinger's, it is part of rainy-day procedure to

re-run a tape made 17 years ago when Eddie Cantor discovered Eddie Fisher.

Each hotel has a social director with staff to introduce the shy ones and organise group activities.

Within the "singles-weekend" pattern, there is room for endless variety. The big hotels go for the brassy, fun-and-games approach that appeals to the active younger crowd. A few hotels offer middle-aged fun, even conduct the occasional weekends restricted to divorced persons only, or even to divorced—persons—with-children only.

A highbrow hotel disdains the show-biz discotheque. Instead, it offers quiet lectures and chamber-music concerts, art lessons, and ceramics. Square dancing is used to fill the physical gap. Shakespeare performances are a highlight in the summer.

Marrieds and singles are sedulously segregated, even on ordinary weekends. At the Concord, after the nightclub show, the marrieds go into the Imperial Room, the singles into the Cordelia Room.

"What's it like in there?" a middle-aged man asked his friend as he approached the Cordelia Room.

"It's war," his friend replied grimly.

The headwaiter at Grossinger's recently tried to describe the picture as the single men and women entered the 1500-seat dining-room on a Friday evening.

"The older men want to sit next to the young girls," he said. "The girls want to meet presentable men to line up a date for New York, where they sit alone all week. They've only got two days, you know, so they've got to work fast."

After each meal they're always wanting to switch tables. Even when the guys are talking to the girls they're looking over their shoulders to survey the talent

at the next table. And vice versa. Nobody has time to appreciate the chopped liver."

The search for an eligible boyfriend may be futile for most of the girl singles, but it is not cheap. It costs them a week's salary or more.

For the losers, Grossinger's offers a psychological group-therapy—session—cum—pep-talk. On the morning after the dreadful Saturday night before, the social director might address the early risers at what is called "the forum" approximately as follows:

### Girls return many times

"Ladies and gentlemen, out of 1462 people here this weekend, you only have to meet that one right person. Remember! Yesterday is a cancelled cheque. Tomorrow is a promissory note. But today is cash!"

"Yes, there is a good chance of meeting Mr. Right today, right now. Well, maybe not. But even if you don't make this your last trip as a single, why not at least enjoy the journey?"

Romance or no romance, the girls come back, weekend after weekend. And so do many of the men. Why do they come?

David Boroff, a Catskillologist of long standing, wrote in the "New York Times" recently:

"To many, it offers a vision of abundance, a matchless opportunity to meet everybody. After the grey anonymity of the city, this is a summer jubilee when, luxuriating in mandatory friendliness, you can walk up to anyone."

"The aging bachelor wants the young girl, beauty, the poor girl stalks the heir. In the end, what a resort sells is not scientific matchmaking but the fantasy, the daydream. Pleasure is the Catskills business."



# Trousers for the office?



**THE MINI SKIRT.** During 1966 the mini became almost a commonplace. The wearers ignored the fact that it's chilly and at times shows an astonishing stretch of leg.



**THE TROUSER SUIT.** Comfortable, say the young, sensible for winter, requiring feminine hair, and shoes (not boots); male reaction against it is strong among the over-25s.

**"Oh, no!" is the anguished reaction. But 1967 could make fashion annals as the year women went to town in trouser suits.**

**H**AVING steered a somewhat shaky course through the year of the mini skirt, Sydney employers are steeling themselves to meet 1967's challenge of the trouser suit.

Already a leading vogue overseas, the new mannish look is filtering in here. Girls are asking their bosses whether they may wear trouser suits to work.

"Skirts are skirts whether they are up or down—but trousers, oh, no," moaned the personnel officer of a large city office. "Employers, as a whole, will be unenthusiastic about the whole thing."

The young girls, who are championing the trouser suits for everyday go-to-work wear, declare pants are comfortable, warm, and sensible for winter.

They say that the trouser

suit must be extremely well tailored, costing at least \$40, that the hairstyle must be feminine and that soft shoes, not boots, are right.

"There was a time," said the personnel officer, "when you could tell the difference between male and female. Life was easier."

"You know, I think we men should start wearing skirts. We could show these

determined to stand firm.

"It is purely a domestic matter for each department head," was the prim response from a Public Service spokesman. "But, of course, they all expect their staff to observe the ordinary standards of neatness and tidiness."

The PMG, who, early in 1966, had a running battle with several of their female staff over mini skirts, pre-

"The office staff certainly will not be allowed to wear these suits to work," she said.

"Models, of course, can look terrific in them. But they rush from job to job through the day, having to change clothes all the time, so a trouser suit would be good work-wear for them."

"What the average girl doesn't realise is that she just can't get away with the

a little decadent? Where is it going to end?

"Femininity — chiffon, lace, long hair, skirts—I'm all for it."

The manageress of an employment agency was positive no trouser-suited girl would be allowed in a responsible office.

"Personally, I would be reluctant about sending a

you can have the real thing?"

**What does the young man in the street say? Well, those under 25 were in favor of it.**

"They look great — if the girl has the figure to wear them. Office? Why not?"

But over that age there were looks of anguish, disapproval, and the frequent use of "disgusting."

One man said, however, he wouldn't mind what took the place of the mini skirt as long as it was replaced. "I'm sick and tired of looking at fat, short legs, plump thighs, and knobby knees. Anything would be better."

A father of two teenage daughters had the last word: "It is apparent that women today do not dress for men. But if my daughter came home wearing one of those suits I'd throw her out — and that applies to any female member of my staff."

"Out, I'd say, OUT!"

**Note to the horror-struck: Remember when you swore you'd never wear the New Look . . . never wear a sleeveless shift . . . never hitch your hems near Shrimpton heights?**

young girls how stupid they are. At least you'd be able to differentiate between the sexes."

Advertising agencies seem prepared to be lenient. "Extreme fashions worn by our staff show we move with the times," one young executive said.

But the majority of Sydney's business offices are

ferred to remain silent on the future of the trouser suit.

An Australian Broadcasting Commission spokesman said he knew of no ruling on the matter of dress. "But, naturally, we expect anything to be within the bounds of good taste."

June Dally Watkins, who runs one of Sydney's top model agencies, was adamant.

extreme fashions a model can.

"Extreme fashions should never be worn to work, and young people today should accept discipline. If their boss says 'no,' that should be the end of it. He is paying them."

"The mannish look is all the vogue overseas, I know — but don't you think it is

trouser girl out for an interview. At the moment we often make girls buy fresh stockings or take some of the excess make-up off their faces. But trousers, oh, no!"

"Already the loss of femininity has become too much for the men. Indeed, if it goes on they will start employing male secretaries. Why have imitations when





Of course she's the only one smiling. She's the only one drinking Schweppes. This contains 25 smiles.

Why complicate your life?  
What goes for Tonic and Soda and Dry  
Ginger Ale ought to go for soft drinks,  
too.

Why buy Schweppes for your husband  
and yourself, and some other brand for  
the kids?

You think Schweppes soft drinks cost  
too much?

No, they don't. Even on a big family-size  
bottle of Schweppes, the most you'll  
pay extra is a few cents.

Meanwhile, you'll know you're getting  
the best because Schweppes don't  
know how to make things any other  
way.

Same goes for cordials. We've been try-  
ing for 100 years to find something  
better than real fruit to use in our  
cordials.

We're still using real fruit.

It tastes even better than it looks.



A Schweppes smile.



# Schweppes



If they can pronounce Schweppes, they deserve it.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 11, 1974



Fate twice foiled their wedding plans in 1966, so they're hoping 1967 will be "third time lucky"

## WANTED!

# A Happy New Year for two nice people

By BERENICE CRAIG



TV PRODUCER Christopher Muir and his fiancée, Elke Neidhardt, make wedding plans, for the third time, from her hospital room.

I KNOW fairy godmothers are usually more at home at christenings than weddings, but if one happens to be free on January 7 I can recommend two charming, deserving young people for attention.

Good-looking, 34-year-old Christopher Muir, top TV producer with the ABC in Melbourne, and his fiancée, fascinating German actress Elke Neidhardt, 25, have good reason to believe 1966 was not their year.

They're not superstitious and they're very much in love, but their wedding had to be postponed twice in 1966.

So it's no wonder they're hoping their new wedding date, January 7, will be "third time lucky."

When they say "Happy New Year" to each other, there's special emphasis on the "happy."

They were to have been married soon after Elke came to Australia last February, but Chris found he had contracted tuberculosis and faced months in a sanatorium.

Elke sadly packed up again and went back to Europe to her TV, stage, and film contracts until he was well.

Complete with wedding dress, she flew out again early in December, thinking they would marry before Christmas, only to be whisked into hospital the day after she arrived to part with a flaring appendix.

"Do you wonder we de-

cided, even if we waited only until the first of January, to let 1966 go by?" Chris asked ruefully.

However, both are sure their course is set fair from now on and, from her hospital bed, Elke's huge green-grey eyes danced as she told of wedding plans.

They are to be married at "Athanor," a delightful old stone house, set in its own green acres at Narre Warren, outside Melbourne. It belongs to their close friends Mr. and Mrs. John Royle.

The Reverend E. Seyler, pastor of the German Lutheran Church in Melbourne, is to perform the ceremony, which will be in both English and German.

Elke's English is good and she has reasonable French, a language in which Chris is fluent. But both French and German dictionaries had to be consulted when she enlisted his help to describe her wedding outfit.

### French copy

Made by Horn, a well-know modiste in Stuttgart, Germany, her long gown is a French model copy in heavy white cloque. Over it she will wear a full-length hooded satin coat.

"Very French and very chic," she summed up happily.

Chris' French, learned when he worked in TV in Paris years ago, helped to bring the pair together in the first place.

They met in Munich in 1965 when he was overseas studying European TV, films, and theatre partly on his own

account and partly for the ABC.

He shared a table in a restaurant with Elke and a French actress and overheard them commenting, not at all politely, on some of the people who were working with them in a film being made at the time.

"I knew all the people they were discussing, so I thought I'd better warn them I could understand every word they were saying," Chris said, laughing.

"After that I started pursuing Elke from one end of Europe to the other.

"Her contracts took her to Florence, Vienna, and Stuttgart and my own work kept trapping me in London and Paris. However, in the south of France, just before I left for home, she promised to come out and have a look at Australia to see if she could ever live here.

"She did this, and the fact that she accepted my proposal of marriage was one of the few good things that happened in 1966."

Looking back over the bad year, which seemed beset with small tragedies as well as big ones, both Chris and Elke concede it has given them some valuable experience.

Husky six-footer Chris was shattered to find he had TB. Physical fitness has always been a major concern of his and regular gym workouts a weekly routine.

"Like nearly everyone, I thought TB only attacked skinny, tired people," he said. "I was shocked to find the sanatorium full of athletic, 13-stone types. I was by no means the heaviest.

"I wouldn't like the experience again, but I do believe it is important not to lead a life that has nothing but soft winds blowing over it. People should experience difficulties.

"I read an article only recently by an American psychologist who maintains marriages can go awry because courtship today is so simple and straightforward.

"I'm something of a romantic at heart and I don't believe courtship should be easy."

While Elke agrees with this in principle, she is not altogether sure that the challenges should be so grim.

"But although our separation was hard to bear something very wonderful came out of it," she said.

"We wrote to each other every day, and in letters one can discern so many things about people. I learned so much about Chris — more, probably, than if we had been together.

"At first I was afraid we would be strangers when we met again, but it was not so."

Chris said it was hard to accept the lack of freedom, regimentation, and the unquestioning obedience required during his treatment, but found this more than offset by the kindness of medical and nursing staff.

"In a way it was an enriching experience," he said. "I had time to reflect with no interruptions of any kind.

"And from a producer's point of view it was most beneficial, for I could study other people's reactions to

confinement and isolation as well as my own.

"But I doubt if I could have been so objective if it had not been for Elke's letters."

Chris intended to teach himself German while he was ill, but found the drugs necessary for his treatment didn't help concentration. Now he can look forward to having Elke teach him, and already the odd German word pops in and out of their conversations.

### Doctors

They have so many plans for the future. Coming to live in Melbourne meant leaving tempting contracts behind in Europe, but Elke is hoping to work in Australia "when my language is better"—if possible, with Chris.

Gay, vital, and an actress to her fingertips, Elke, who belongs to a wealthy Stuttgart family, laughed when she said she originally intended to become a doctor.

Her late father was a doctor, her mother and a brother are doctors, and her sister was halfway through a medical course when she abandoned it to get married.

"I began to study medicine at Berlin University, but I hated it, so my father put me to a school to learn good manners," she said, flashing a slightly incredulous glance at Chris when he translated this as "a finishing school."

"We learned dreadful old-fashioned cooking like chocolate pudding, all milk and eggs, that took two hours to make. And those rabbits! They used to come to the kitchen with their skins on

and the other girls nearly collapsed.

"I used to have to skin them because my medical course had taught me how."

But at the same time Elke was taking private lessons in dramatic art, and this was the beginning of her acting career.

"My mother, who is not an 'adventure - out-into-the-big-world' type of person, was shocked. She thought actors cheap people, always gambling and going to bed with everybody, and tried to stop me.

"But my father said I must do what I wanted and if I got hurt it would teach me a lesson."

So Elke went to acting school in Stuttgart for a course which Chris describes as "all-embracing," for it included judo, fencing, singing, and dancing as well as drama training.

Elke and Chris plan to go back to Europe as often as they can. Later, if the ABC is agreeable, Chris plans to make a color TV film with leading European choreographer Juan Corelli.

In the meantime, Elke is longing to get busy and furnish their flat in South Yarra.

"It is almost a penthouse with wonderful views and lots of cupboards, so my poor fiancé won't wonder where I am going to put all the lovely French clothes I brought with me," she said.

Another member of the family will join them later this year. He is Elke's dachshund, Filou, at present in quarantine in England. A much-travelled and, according to his proud owner, very fetching type.



## ● IT'S A FABRICS REVOLUTION

**M**EMO to all sheep stations: plant trees! It's been said that "Australia rides on the sheep's back." But it's paper that's now on the American girl's back.

The biggest textile breakthrough since synthetic fabrics is in "non-woven fabrics" — paper.

It started as a promotional idea last year. A large American paper company made up some paper dresses to advertise paper napkins the company made. They called it "The Paper Caper" (The Australian Women's Weekly showed it in April, 1966). The dress was sold

for \$1.25 (U.S.), which is just over \$A1.

To their absolute astonishment, they were inundated with requests for The Paper Caper — 500,000 were ordered, and delivered. By any standard this is massive merchandising volume. Dress shop buyers beat a path to the paper company's doors, clamoring for more paper dresses.

**Enter Ron Bard with the Wastebasket Boutique.**

Bard's father is the founder and president of one of the world's biggest manufacturers of seamless nylon tights for women and children.

When Ron Bard was in college a very few years ago

—he's now just 25—he wrote a senior-year thesis on "Disposables: Non-woven fabrics." When he graduated, he was sent to look after his father's New York office.

Out of his one-room Empire State Building eyrie, Ron Bard was seeing to it that all the shops were getting a supply of seamless tights. But uppermost in his mind, always, was non-woven fabrics — paper — as a dress material.

"I've been working on paper dresses for more than four years," he told me in his skyscraper office.

"But we couldn't really get them accepted until the paper company came out with The Paper Caper promotion.

"That did it. Now everybody wants paper dresses.

"We have a much better

material now than was in the earlier dress. It contains seven percent nylon with the nylon fibres laid in the paper as it is milled. It's treated so the won't burn, of course. It doesn't tear easily.

"You can get five or six wearings out of the paper dress and touch it up with a cool iron to make it looking fresh.

"And our whole line is priced between two and three (American) dollars."

With his feet on his head, Ron Bard had his thumb hooked into one of his products — a fresh-looking paper waistcoat with a tweedy look and texture.

The new paper material even has strength."

Bard showed me one of his products, a new

# ALL THESE OUTFITS ARE OF PAPER

PAPER SHEATH in a cheery flower print, above. Price in U.S. money is \$2. It lasts for several wears, can be freshened with a cool iron.

PAPER JUMP SUIT, at right: Gaily patterned and cut on current fashion lines, it costs \$4 (American money) in the New York stores.



STRIPED PAPER SHIFT (above) from the Wastebasket Boutique costs \$1.29 in the U.S., which is just over a dollar in Australian money. Useful in summer.

SILVER DRESS (below), floor-length, is made of aluminium foil bonded to paper. It costs \$9 (American money). Marvellous with grey or gold jewellery. Useful with pretty print.





bathing suit in paper. But it's not quite ready for the market yet.

Disposable underwear for men is also in preparation by the Wastebasket Boutique. "We can sell these under-shorts at three for a dollar," said Bard, "but we want to get the price even lower before we promote them."

Meanwhile, other manufacturers are producing paper aprons, and baby feeding bibs are widely sold.

Price, of course, is the principal attraction of paper products. The other attraction is that they don't look like paper from a reasonable distance.

If you compare the impact plastic made as a material, you begin to understand the scope of the paper-dress revolution.

None of the paper dresses shown here costs more than

\$U.S.4. They are from the spring and summer collection of the "Wastebasket Boutique, soon to reach American shops. But the silver dress costs \$9 (\$6 in regular, knee-length) — the aluminium foil bonded to the paper puts the price up.

"The demand for silver and other kookie-type clothes is tremendous," said Bard.

**By BILL WILSON**

"But our designs are fundamentally simple in cut, and use bright, bold prints.

"We've sold over half a million paper dresses from our first collection, and re-orders are coming in all the time.

"The surprising thing is that they're not sold in bargain basement sales areas but

usually in the stores' dress departments.

The paper dresses, in their striking novelty, lend themselves especially well to advertising gimmicks.

One simple white sheath in the Wastebasket Boutique line is sold with a set of watercolor paints — a "paint-it-yourself" dress. Complete with paints set, the price is only \$U.S.2.

A department store in Brooklyn invited Andy Warhol to paint one of the dresses on the sales floor to provide artistic inspiration for purchasers of the paint-it-yourself dress.

Warhol, of course, is the man who painted life-like soup tins and soap-powder cartons on canvas to orbit the whole Pop Art movement.

He has also created the "total environment" dis-

cotheque (which has simultaneous visual and aural stimulation).

For the "happening" — as the department store advertised the Warhol appearance — he brought along Nico, a beautiful French actress (she was in "La Dolce Vita"), model, and currently lead singer with the Velvet Underground, a pop music group started by Warhol.

Nico put on the paper dress, Warhol put on a record by the Velvet Underground, turned the volume right up, and turned over to his assistant the silk-screen he had prepared.

Warhol's assistant, a shaggy-haired, leather-trousered young man who admitted to being the lead dancer with the Velvet Underground, silk-screened

the word "Fragile" on Nico's dress from neck to hemline.

The next Warhol creation was the "Banana" dress. He draped a long, yellow, shiny-paper cut-out painted with black streaks to look like a Pop Art banana over the white dress—to enthusiastic applause.

The two Warhol paper creations are now on display at the Brooklyn Museum and Art Gallery.

Every department store in New York has a Wastebasket Boutique, and Bard claims other cities are following their lead. Store buyers are keeping Bard's telephone busy and his pioneering interest in printing non-woven dress materials has turned out to be a virtual licence to print money.

Net result is Ron Bard looks forward to being a millionaire before he's 30.



**PAINT - IT-YOURSELF** dress. Pictured are French actress Nico and artist Warhol, whose assistant paints the dress worn by Nico.



**YELLOW DRESS:** has a matching coat of the same paper. Whole outfit costs \$4, and could go to the theatre or a party — and be a good talking-point.



# AUSTRALIAN A BUDDHIST MONK

● "When I was young and lived in Tasmania, I used to run into the bush and hide and weep because God would not manifest Himself to me. I felt He could do nothing for me. I began to discover inaccuracies in the Christian doctrine and looked for truth in other religions."



● Bradford Warren demonstrates a posture of the Buddha in a monastery in Bangkok, Thailand.

— Pictures by Nik Wheeler

THESE words came softly from 22-year-old former Sydney stockbroker's clerk Bradford Warren. As he spoke, the first shadows of dusk were setting on the tall, sparkling golden spire and white-walled temple of the Wat Borvonives (Buddhist monastery) in Bangkok.

Warren was sitting in a chair while a gaunt, elderly monk in saffron robes shaved his hair down to the bare skull with a cut-throat razor. Within the hour, Warren would become the first Australian to enter the Buddhist monkhood in Thailand.

Ahead of him stretched five to ten years—a lifetime, perhaps—of study and meditation and the harsh deprivation that stems from the rules set down more than 2000 years ago by Buddha, "The Enlightened One."

"To enter the Buddhist monkhood, the hair and eyebrows must be shaved to make us ugly and give us humility and cleanliness," Warren explained as the old monk worked deftly with the razor.

"They are considered to be symbols of personal beauty, and we are not allowed to take any interest in our bodies or appearances. They are there for one purpose—to harbor our souls. We are simply flesh and bone. We must not even look at ourselves in a mirror or photograph."

This total rejection of self-interest will govern the life of the tall, strapping young Australian every day from the moment he awakens to the moment he sleeps again.

In the first light of a tropical dawn, he will walk slowly through the deserted streets of Bangkok or one of the many Thai provincial towns begging food from householders. The scraps of meat, fruit, rice, and perhaps curry will be mashed into an unappetising pulp in his alms bowl and eaten with fingers to banish any enjoyment that might come with eating.

The young monk will walk with his eyes cast to the ground, always a "plough's distance" in front of him. He will take no interest in his surroundings, for his mind will be undergoing a slow, agonising battle to reject enjoyment and accept suffering. For the remaining 20 or so hours of his "working" day, Warren will be cloistered within the cool, peaceful Wat, training his mind through study and meditation to accept what Buddhists term the "middle road" in all thinking and emotion.

Under the strict Thai Buddhist rules, which say that any emotion that stems from enjoyment in any form is taboo, Warren will learn to suppress or destroy such feelings as hate, excessive love for an individual, desire.

## By DEREK MAITLAND

He will reject happiness, because if he is happy he must then be prepared to endure conflicting periods of unhappiness or despair. He will never watch a movie or people dancing; never possess "silver and gold"; never take or harm a life.

Within the Wat Borvonives, he must be careful where he treads at all times. To kill even an ant is a sin against Buddha's teachings.

He will drink water or tasteless Thai tea, but will be allowed to drink honey or eat sugar now and again to refresh his brain

black magic and witchcraft—to find accuracy and the truth.

"Finally, and with advice from others, I found that Buddhism was the answer. Three years ago, after moving to Sydney with my family, I proclaimed myself a Buddhist and began writing this as my religion on all official forms."

Warren applied a year ago to the Thai Government for permission to enter a Thai Buddhist monastery as a novice monk under the sponsorship of the World Fellowship of Buddhists. At the same time he worked in Sydney as a council laborer to build up his body for the challenge ahead. He arrived in Bangkok three months ago on a special visa that will allow him to spend ten years here as a "farang" or foreign monk.



● Change in 22-year-old former Sydney stockbroker's clerk Bradford Warren into Bhikkhu Chittabalo, Buddhist monk. Left, before his ordination. Centre, his hair is shaved to the scalp with a cut-throat razor by an elderly monk "to give him humility and cleanliness." Right, contemplative face of the ordained monk.

during interminably long hours of meditation and the study of between 80 and 90 volumes of Buddhist scriptures.

When the task is completed—however many years it takes—Warren believes he will have reached the perfect level of emotion: never happy, conscious all the time that the world is suffering, but never, never sad.

As the old monk shaved his head, Bradford Warren told how the move that set him on the road to Buddhism began ten years ago when he was a schoolboy in Hobart.

"I began to feel that God could not, or would not, help me. Then I felt there was no God in the way I had been taught by the Church to regard Him," Warren said.

"I was completely mixed up and unhappy and began studying other religions—even

As senior monks began filing into the temple for Warren's ordination ceremony, he spoke of his family in Sydney.

"My mother didn't say much," he said, as he donned white robes—symbolic of purity—for the ceremony. "She keeps her emotions inside her. My father said anything that might help me find what I wanted in life was OK with him. I don't think my sisters really understood what it was all about."

Night was setting in and a faint breeze played through little tinkling bells that hang from the monastery's golden spire. Warren had completed robing, and an old woman led him toward the temple. "I had two girlfriends in Sydney," he said. "One tried to stop me going ahead, ringing me up at all hours to try to talk me out of it."

"My close friends... Well, they regarded it as a big joke."

Inside the temple, under the golden, impassive gaze of the huge Buddha image, the monks (or Sangha) began the ordination ceremony.

At an "altar" in front of the Buddha were candles and incense sticks representing the "Triple Gem" of Buddhism—Buddha, the Sangha, and Dhamma, or body of thought.

The flame of the candles threw an eerie flickering glow on the brass features of the Buddha image and the close-shaved heads of the monks. The flame represented "the purity one is seeking" in Buddhism, Warren had explained before the ceremony.

The white-clad Australian chanted three times in Pali, taking the Buddha for guidance and asking the Sangha for ordination. He was then lectured on the history of Buddha's teachings by a preceptor, a teacher, and asked to repeat the five vital parts of the body.

Next, aided by the monks, he was clothed in the familiar saffron garments of monkhood. He chanted a praise to Buddha, repeating three times that he was taking the "Triple Gem" for guidance, then chanted the ten precepts, or "commandments," of Buddhism.

Taking his alms bowl—his most important possession as a monk—he asked the preceptor to be his teacher, chanting "From today your task is mine and so mine is yours."

He then had to answer 16 questions: "Do you have leprosy, boils, epilepsy? Are you 20 years old? Do you have your parents' permission?"

Satisfied, the Sangha admitted the newcomer to monkhood, and he was warned that a monk's four and only requisites in life were food, shelter, clothes, and medicine; his only possessions his robes, alms bowl, razor, needle and cotton, and water filter.

And a new name. As Warren stepped out of the temple, he was from that moment known as Bhikkhu Chittabalo (one who is of firm mind).

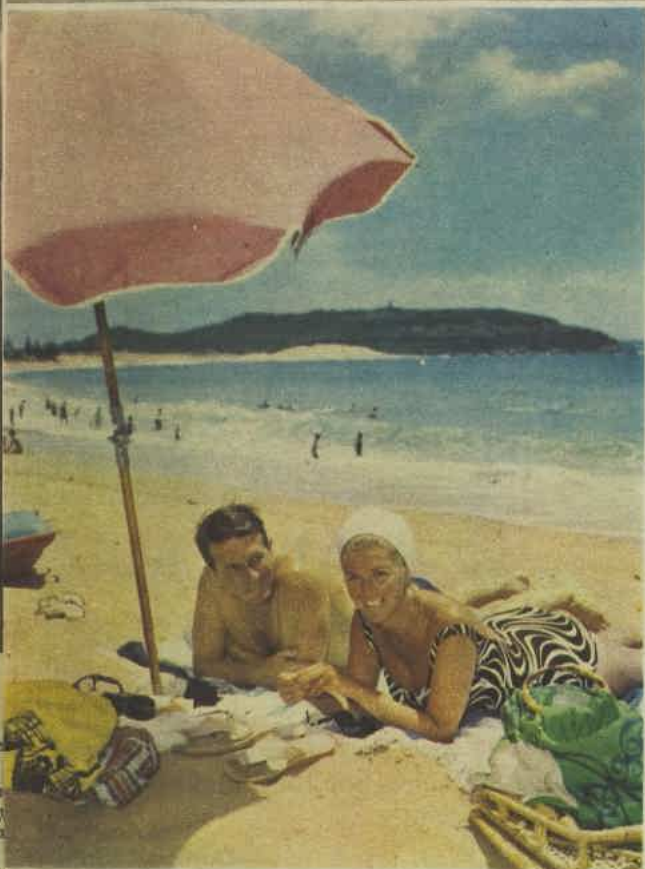
He breathed deeply and said, "I miss Australia sometimes, especially the mountains in Tasmania and the Blue Mountains out of Sydney."

"I miss being able to lie on my back and look up at tall hillsides around me; the early morning mist of camping out and dewdrops on the side of a tent."

"Sometimes, when I'm roaming around in the heat in Bangkok, I suddenly feel a chilly breeze and it brings back memories of those mountains and of snow."



# HOLIDAYMAKERS AT PALM BEACH



**RELAXING.** Palm Beach was dotted with many colorful umbrellas, but one of the prettiest was that of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Whittle, who took the opportunity of a little shade after a brisk swim in the sea. They drove down early in the morning from their holiday house at Avalon.



**AT RIGHT:** Pineapple was the choice for a cool and thirst-quenching lunch on a hot day for Chris Burge (right) and her two friends Wendy Dotch (left) and Bronwyn Turk (centre) while sitting on the lawn.



**SUNBAKING.** Having a quiet spell from the surf and basking in the sun were Liz Gordon, Adele Westley, Tony Onley, and Peter Kelso (left to right), who all drove down from their homes at Wahroonga to swim at Palm Beach. It was perfect weather for the many holidaymakers there who took full advantage of the lovely summer day.



**BOYS:** Among the many surfboard fans riding the waves were Peter Lovell, Liz Tennetts, and Paul Jones (left to right), who chose Palm Beach as their favorite spot for the day when they drove down from Epping. It was a popular place for young people on holiday from schools and universities, many of whom were down from the country.

**AT RIGHT:** Relaxing with a drink in the garden of the house where they are staying, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Booth were photographed with their two children, Catherine and Philip. They are spending the whole of the summer at the Palm Beach home of Mrs. Booth's parents, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Norman Jenkyn, who will join them later on.



**PLAYTIME.** Two-year-old Ariane Kuner spent a wonderful morning on her favorite toy, a wooden rocking-horse, on the terrace of her grandparents' home at Palm Beach, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kuner, who are spending their summer holidays with Peter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Kuner, at their home in Pacific Road overlooking the water.







*It's the man  
—or woman—  
behind the  
camera that  
really counts*



MR. AND MRS. KARL GULLERS

## THEY HAVE A WORLD ASSIGNMENT

WHEN a famous American photographer was showing novelist Somerset Maugham round his latest exhibition some years ago, Mr. Maugham remarked on the quality of a particular photograph.

"What camera did you use?" he asked.

The other replied, "I enjoyed your latest book. What type-writer did you use?"

You get the same response when you ask Karl W. Gullers, Sweden's foremost photographer, about the cameras he uses.

Mr. Gullers, president of the Federation of Nordic Photographers (a group which links all Scandinavian photographers) and a photographer "by appointment" to the King of Sweden, has been visiting Australia with his wife.

"The camera is not the most important thing in photography, thank heaven," he said.

"The human interest is the thing. The component parts of the picture, the motive, the drama, the effect, these are what add up to a good photograph.

"Of course, one would be a fool not to get the best technical equipment, but by itself the camera can do nothing."

On his round-the-world roving photographic assignments he always carries at least three Swedish-made cameras.

This enables him to change lenses quickly and to change film from color to black and white within seconds — a great advantage, he says, in capturing a spontaneous subject.

Mr. and Mrs. Gullers have

travelled widely in Australia collecting color material, on Swedish industrial products, to be used in a book called "Sweden Round the World."

The more unusual photographs in the "dummy" book which Mr. Gullers compiles as he goes along include a picture of the bell which towers above St. Peter's Square, in Rome, and another of the immense statue of Christ which dominates the Rio de Janeiro skyline.

The bell, explained Mr. Gullers, moves on ball-bearings made by a Swedish firm, and the statue above Rio is cast in Swedish cement.

By ANNE OLSEN

In the book, the only photograph which is not Mr. Gullers' is a famous color shot of an American astronaut's walk in space. This historic photograph was taken with a well-known Swedish camera.

"Sweden Round the World" will be the 25th book he has compiled.

Two earlier books on Swedish family life, "Gullers' White Christmas" and "Those Happy Days," were sell-outs in Sweden, with sales of more than 175,000 each.

The first was a series of photographs of the Gullers family — a son (Peter, also a photographer) and five daughters, aged 19 to 29 — and how they spent a typical Swedish Christmas; the second took 28 years to compile.

"It was a collection of lovely pictures of our daughter Ittan from her birth to her marriage," said Mrs. Gullers.

She met her husband at a Midsummer's Eve party.

It is hard to believe when one sees tall, blonde Ingvor Gullers that she and her husband could have

celebrated thirty years of marriage the day they arrived in Sydney.

Mrs. Gullers has become an excellent photographer in her own right.

She is now her husband's assistant and travels with him every year on his October-November trips abroad.

They have been in practically every country "except Russia and South Africa."

Mr. Gullers will hold a large photographic exhibition in March in the Argentine and later another in Italy.

His wife, too, plans an exhibition back in Stockholm in April, but hers won't contain one photograph.

She has made a hobby over the past few years of collecting embroidered proverbs. The Swedes are famous for this type of homecraft, which is often framed and displayed in modern homes as well as folk museums. She has more than 400 specimens, some of them very old and precious.

Karl and Ingvor Gullers divide their time between three homes in Sweden. One is their summer house in a sheltered cove on the west coast. Their country home is an old farm.

These two homes and their city house in Stockholm are all equipped with sauna baths, which play a big part in their home life.

"We manage at least two sauna baths a week — we even had one in Sydney on our first morning," Karl said.

Keen health enthusiasts, both look years younger than their true ages.

Neither smokes and each morning they play a well-used "exercise to music" record.

"Everywhere we go the record goes with us," said Karl. "It's a kind of ritual. We never think of getting dressed and out of the house before we have done our ten minutes of physical exercise."

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Try DELROSA  
for a new quick  
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water or milk



Children or adults, both will enjoy a thirst-quenching drink of water or milk far more, when it has a spoonful of DELROSA added. Healthy for them, too, because DELROSA is vitamin C from nature's richest storehouse — the 'rose hips' which grow wild on the English moors. DELROSA syrup is 4 times richer in vitamin C than an equivalent amount of fresh orange juice; contains more energy-giving glucose and is less acid, too. DELROSA Rose Hip Syrup — available from chemists, health food stores and most food stores. 6 fl. oz., 72c; 12 fl. oz., \$1.18; 18 fl. oz., \$1.49.



MADE IN ENGLAND BY THE PHILLIPS, SCOTT & TURNER CO., SURBITON

## HAIR DAMAGED by sun and surf?

Salt water and burning sun strip your hair of its natural oil. It becomes dry, straggly, lifeless. After your outdoors weekend, beach-ravaged hair can be a distinct embarrassment. Women find it hard to set, lacking in softness and lustre. Both women and men find beach-dried hair leads to scalp-itch, that unsightly condition. But there's a positive and instant way to restore natural oil to beach-damaged hair.

### HERE'S WHAT TO DO

At home, carry out this simple treatment with Napro Hair Vitalizer. Takes only minutes — gives hair new life, clears away scalp scale.

Shampoo your hair, rinse

thoroughly, and towel-off excess water. Massage a generous quantity of Napro Hair Vitalizer vigorously into hair and scalp with fingertips. Leave on hair 5 to 15 minutes. Rinse off with warm (not hot) water. Instantly, hair is supple again. Scale is whisked away. Scalp shines clear as a new-born babe's. All because Napro Vitalizer gets lacquer-locked scalp glands working again, re-nourishes hair with life-giving oil.

Don't compromise. Ordinary hair dressings cannot restore beach-ravaged hair. It needs special attention.

The 65 cent Napro tube contains four generous treatments.

**Don't compromise. Vitalize!**



# The joke was on DEAN MARTIN

● Dean Martin rarely takes himself seriously, but a lot of other people do.

NEXT month, Dean Martin will be spreading his charm again on ABC-TV.

Recently in America, he closed his show with a "mystery voice" gag.

He played the mystery voice — obviously that of his buddy Frank Sinatra — and said, "All you have to do to enter the contest to guess the voice is to tear off the top of your TV set and send it to me."

Believe it or not, he now has 200 TV set tops sent to him by fans. They're littering up the place, and Martin says he's got all the TV tops he needs, thank you!

## Linda quickly lost her confidence

LINDA EVANS, the blonde beauty who plays Audra Barkley in TCN9's "Big Valley," still shudders when she thinks how sublimely confident she was when she was cast for the show.

"I was asked could I ride a horse," she said. "I told them I could, and I thought I was telling them the truth. I had ridden a horse 15 or 20 times and had never fallen off."

"I had the confidence of ignorance. I soon learned everyone else, from Barbara Stanwyck down, was an expert. I wasn't. Those sedate animals I used

to ride at the riding schools would never make it in TV. The first thing I found was that you don't make a move when you're on a 'Big Valley' horse unless it means something.

"If you just tense your leg muscles, the horse is ready to go. Fiddle round with the reins and you can get some unsettling reactions."

"And each horse is different. When I was being taught by 'Big Valley's' head wrangler, he'd put me on a different horse each day. One day I'd think, 'Ah, now I've really got it.' The next day I'd be bouncing around like a rubber ball."

"But I love riding, so I kept at it. When we went on location, I would ride whenever I could. The director always sent a wrangler with me so they'd have some assurance of seeing me again."

Since those days Linda has become an accomplished rider.

★ ★ ★

TV networks around the world have been offered, free of charge, a program directed by Italy's famous director Franco Zeffirelli, and narrated on the spot both in Italian and English by no less famous an actor than Richard Burton.

The program, shown in Italy first, is a gripping documentary of the recent Florence floods and the havoc they caused with many of the city's treasures. Both Zeffirelli and Burton gave their services free.

## Special dials test audience reaction

AUSTRALIAN viewers' response to TV programs is judged by "ratings," the published result of a scientific inquiry into the tastes of viewers in a given area by means of an audience survey.

Television shows which are viewed by many people have high ratings. Those watched by few people have low ratings.

America has rating services too, but they have now developed a system for determining audience reaction to a new series before it is telecast or before it is sold to a TV channel.

The system is run by a company called Audience Studies Inc., which has just built a huge modern facility for their research in Hollywood called Preview House.

Audience testing is an intriguing process. The viewer is seated in a theatre, and sees a regular motion-picture-size screen a sample pilot show for a new TV series.

A dial that can be turned to indicate what emotional response he is experiencing is installed in the arm of his chair. He is expected to use it during each moment of the show.

Apart from the emotion dial, Audience Studies has also developed an instrument with attachment wires which are connected to the fingers. It records the subconscious and involuntary reactions of the viewer.

At the end of the show, information gained from the dials and the fingertip feeler is fed into electronic computers, and at the end of its work a producer can show whether or not he has hit on his hands.

Tickets to the shows are given away free at random to get a good representative cross-section of the television public.

— NAN MUSGROVE



## WHAT IS ART NOUVEAU ? FOR 1967, IT'S THE OLD-FASHIONED LOOK

BARRY HUMPHRIES' LONDON HOME in color! NEW YEAR  
CALENDAR OF ROSES in color! SWEDISH HOME IN  
AUSTRALIA in color! COOL DRINKS FOR HOT DAYS in color!

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DOOR-TO-DOOR  
SALESMEN?  
An important HOME  
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AUSTRALIAN JOURNAL  
**Home**



# Off-camera, an UNCLE agent has politics in mind

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Robert Vaughn, Napoleon Solo, the man from UNCLE, who hit Australia recently in a whirlwind tour, is a most unusual actor — he thinks there are other things in the world besides show-business.



ROBERT VAUGHN ("The Man From UNCLE"), pictured during his recent four-day visit to Sydney.

THERE is journalism, for instance, Vaughn majored in journalism at Minnesota University, and writes regularly for "Ramparts" magazine.

"Ramparts" is probably the most-read magazine in America today, he says. I think he meant most read by the in-people.

It's a magazine of current affairs, politics, fiction, and a political column written by Vaughn.

Politics is his big interest. The people he most wanted to meet in Australia were the Prime Minister, Mr. Holt, and the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Calwell.

He is working hard for Senator Bobby Kennedy and is a great "Kennedy-for-President" man. He thinks LBJ is on the way out politically.

Vaughn wears a Kennedy tie clip. It is a gold plastic model of President Kennedy's famous PT Boat 109, and was made for the 1964 election. It cost 19 cents.

"Unhappily the pin was never used," Vaughn said.

"Bobby has them now and gives them to some people."

He was surprised to know that Australian politicians don't give buttons or gifts away during election campaigns. I told him how surprised I was when President Johnson handed out pens during his Australian visit.

It struck a jarring note with me—like beads for the natives. My reaction amused Vaughn, who takes such tokens as part of an election.

He feels Australia's overwhelming welcome to LBJ was to the office of American President more than to the man himself.

Vaughn's interest in politics stems, he says, from his Irish Catholic background. He is a strong practising Catholic.

"In my grandparents' home, where I spent six months of every year, if there was conversation, and there was all the time, it was politics."

Added to this upbringing, Vaughn is a long-time family friend of the Kennedys.

He knew John well. Talking about Bobby, he said his

outsokenness was his main trouble.

"He is not the politician John was," he said. "Bobby is too candid. He gets in trouble because he wears his heart on his sleeve. He lets his opinions be known."

"I think he is maturing, becoming more of the politician, becoming more like John politically. He is a very good man."

## Television

Vaughn is very different from the slick, suave Solo of "The Man From UNCLE." Off-camera, he hasn't got that patent-leather hair, that pervading gleam, that too-well-tailored look.

He is a very masculine man, 34, a Scorpio, he told me, "like a cooing dove sometimes and a striking serpent at others," with hazel eyes, very nice kind eyes.

He is quite unremarkable in looks, pleasant more than anything else. You'd pass him in Pitt Street and never notice him.

He speaks very softly, has an almost unaccented voice, and no noticeable American expressions.

He was completely exhausted when he got to Sydney.

He looked worn out. He was wearing an olive-green cotton suit and a striped tie in shades of brown, cream, and gold. The tie was two inches wide, much wider than the fashionable, very narrow ties worn here. He says some Harvard men are wearing ties now that are up to four inches wide.

He says he is 5ft. 11in., but I wouldn't have thought so. He is sturdy, and I think he'd be a good man to have on your side.

He's a millionaire now. UNCLE started him off, paying him 10,000 dollars an episode (he makes one episode every six days), and he bought oil and gas wells.

READ TV TIMES  
FOR FULL WEEK'S  
PROGRAMS

## How to Stay Youthfully Beautiful



Margaret Merril  
Beauty Skin Care  
Consultant

Beautiful complexions are entirely dependent on a regular and reliable beauty-care routine in order to remain youthfully smooth and exquisitely fine-textured. Here are some suggestions to help you cherish that soft, dewy bloom and promote the natural processes of skin beautification so that you gain greater loveliness than you ever thought possible.

### Radiance and Sparkle

Revive your skin at least once a day by lightly patting it with a pad soaked in lemon Delph freshener. Nothing is more rewarding in getting circulation moving and bringing fresh colour to the cheeks. Pat the skin in an upward direction from the base of neck to chin and from cheeks to nose and hairline. Be gentle around the eyes, but use a firm, slapping movement all along the jawline. Lemon Delph freshener has all the natural toning, cleansing and refining properties of special beauty lemons and gives the skin a lovely sparkle.

### A Lovely Complexion

Your most precious complexion is beautified and protected when you smooth a film of tropical moist oil over the face and neck every day. This moist oil of Ulan has special isotonic properties that help nature to maintain the natural oil and moisture balance of the skin and reveal the soft, flower-like bloom of your skin. Used as an invisible base beneath make-up, the unique beauty fluid not only guards your skin against the drying effects of the weather and cosmetic pigments but it also serves to insure that your complexion will look beautifully milky-matt and flawless all through the day.

### Peach-like Powder Bloom

Face powder should never be dusted straight on to the skin, as it is absorbent and will probably cause unwelcome enlargement of the pores. It is essential to apply a light film of moist oil of Ulan to the complexion, firstly to nourish and preserve the skin's natural oils and moisture balance and, secondly, to ease away wrinkle dryness and provide a perfect base for your tinted foundation and powder.

### Clear Away Blemishes

Stimulate the surface of your skin after cleansing and help to clear away blemish-inducing impurities by wiping over your face and neck with a mild lemon-toning freshener. Moisten a cotton pad with lemon Delph and press it lightly to your pores. You will immediately appreciate the tonic effects of this freshener and it will give your skin a delightful coolness and clarity. Afterwards, to hold the natural bloom that is apparent on your complexion, smooth on a beautifying and nourishing film of oil of Ulan.

### Tommy Hanlon's

#### Thought for the week

Mamma once said, "I'm getting tired of hearing the expression 'It's a man's world.' I don't think there's a husband who hasn't asked his wife's advice on an important decision he had to make. And did you know that approximately 85 percent of all the stocks and bonds in the world are owned by women? Then all I can say is—"

MOMMA'S MORAL:  
If it is a man's world,  
it's in his wife's name.

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# THE GAYEST and most glittering

MRS. SARGENT SHRIVER, formerly Eunice Kennedy, sister of the late President of the United States, was among the Kennedy clan who came to the party.



HENRY FONDA, at right, with his wife, was one of the many celebrities of the entertainment world. Also there were Frank Sinatra and his wife, Mia Farrow.



MRS. HENRY FORD II offset her blonde hair and fair complexion with a white organza butterfly mask and a white beaded evening gown.



SUSAN STEIN, daughter of MCA television chief, was the most mod guest in a dress of clear plastic trimmed with white.



MRS. WINSTON GUEST wore a headpiece of white feathers. Some of the masks were masterpieces of design and fantasy.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., was hard to recognise. "Women's Wear Daily" described the party as "the greatest masked ball New York has known."





HOST Truman Capote, with guest of honor Mrs. Kay Graham. Capote originally planned a small party, but it turned into a masked ball and became the year's social event.



TRUMAN CAPOTE planned a small private party at the Plaza Hotel in New York recently for Mrs. Kay Graham, publisher of the "Washington Post" and "Newsweek" magazine. The guest list grew and grew until it numbered 540.

Capote, whose non-fiction novel, "In Cold Blood," led the year's best-seller list and brought him nearly two million dollars, invited, so he said, only his closest personal friends, and bid them, "Come wearing masks."

The ladies were asked, also, to wear black and white. The inspiration for this was the Ascot scene from the film "My Fair Lady," and came originally from Cecil Beaton. Naturally he was at the party, and so, too, was Allan Jay Lerner, who wrote "My Fair Lady."

The Kennedy family was strongly represented with Mrs. Rose Kennedy, the late President's mother, the Sargent Shriver, the Stephen Smiths, Prince and Princess Radziwill, and Mrs. Pat Lawford.

Lynda Bird Johnson was escorted into the Plaza by a covey of secret service agents.

There were all the Fords — except Anne Ford Uzielli, who had just had a baby — Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford II, Mrs. Anne McDonnell Ford, and Mrs. Charlotte Ford Niarchos.

Government representation was strong, with the Nicholas Katzenbachs, the Averell Harrimans, Ambassador and Mrs. Llewellyn Thomson, and many others.

Then there were Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the Maharajah and Maharanee of Jaipur, the Rothschilds, princesses, countesses, and baronesses.

The Guinneses and the Vanderbilts were there with the Arthur Schlesingers and the Walter Lippmanns. "Absolutely marvellous," was Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt's verdict.



# NIGHT OF THE YEAR

MME FRANCOISE DE LANGLADE had even her closest friends puzzled as to her identity when she arrived in her cat's mask made of white fur. Many of the guests flew to New York from the Continent in their private planes.

PICTURES BY BILL WILSON, NEW YORK



MRS. JOHN BARRY RYAN, a New York socialite, was one of the most attractive guests at the ball, held in the ballroom of the Plaza Hotel. Two bands alternated between rock-'n-roll and pop tunes.

MRS. PETER DUCHIN (her husband is the son of the late Eddie Duchin) wore a gown of white satin with a matching mask. Sophisticated New Yorkers said that never before was there such a gathering.





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(Advertisement)

### Your Complexion can be Younger

It is said that every time you wash your face you start a wrinkle, but now you can smooth and beautify the skin as you cleanse. No more taut dry skin when you use this cleansing milk that removes every trace of make-up with a dissolving action that leaves the complexion smoother, clearer, and free from wrinkle dryness. Ask your chemist for a bottle of Delph cleansing milk that gives the complexion a look of youthful beauty.

● Carven designed this chalk-white dress with a high neckline and bare shoulders. The material is leaf-embroidered cotton.



# NEW-

● Here we show the new Paris gear for young elegants — the bistrot dress, designed for dining and dancing. The soignée look of night-life fashions is sweeping Paris. The elegant skirtline is short, but not aggressively so. The silhouette is still straight and easy, with here and there a skirt of flirty tiers. Dark colors are back, and glitter including all lames, continues. The exception to dark color is white. Watch white, it's going to be big in autumn and winter fashion.

— BETTY KE



● Yves St. Laurent's black crepe dress (left) with a white ruffle trim. Design has long sleeves and a dropped waistline ending in two flirty tiers.



● Pierre Cardin's gold lame shift (right) is held up with one wide shoulder-strap finished with a large self-material bow.



# THE PARIS BISTRO DRESS

● Chic trio of bistro dresses. Right, silver shift; centre, belted one-piece with a white trim; far right, long-sleeved, high-necked dress in heavy white brocade.



● Striped lame with a gold-braid trim (left) adds up to a glittering, exotic bistro dress. Autumn fashion news—the return of the sleeve.

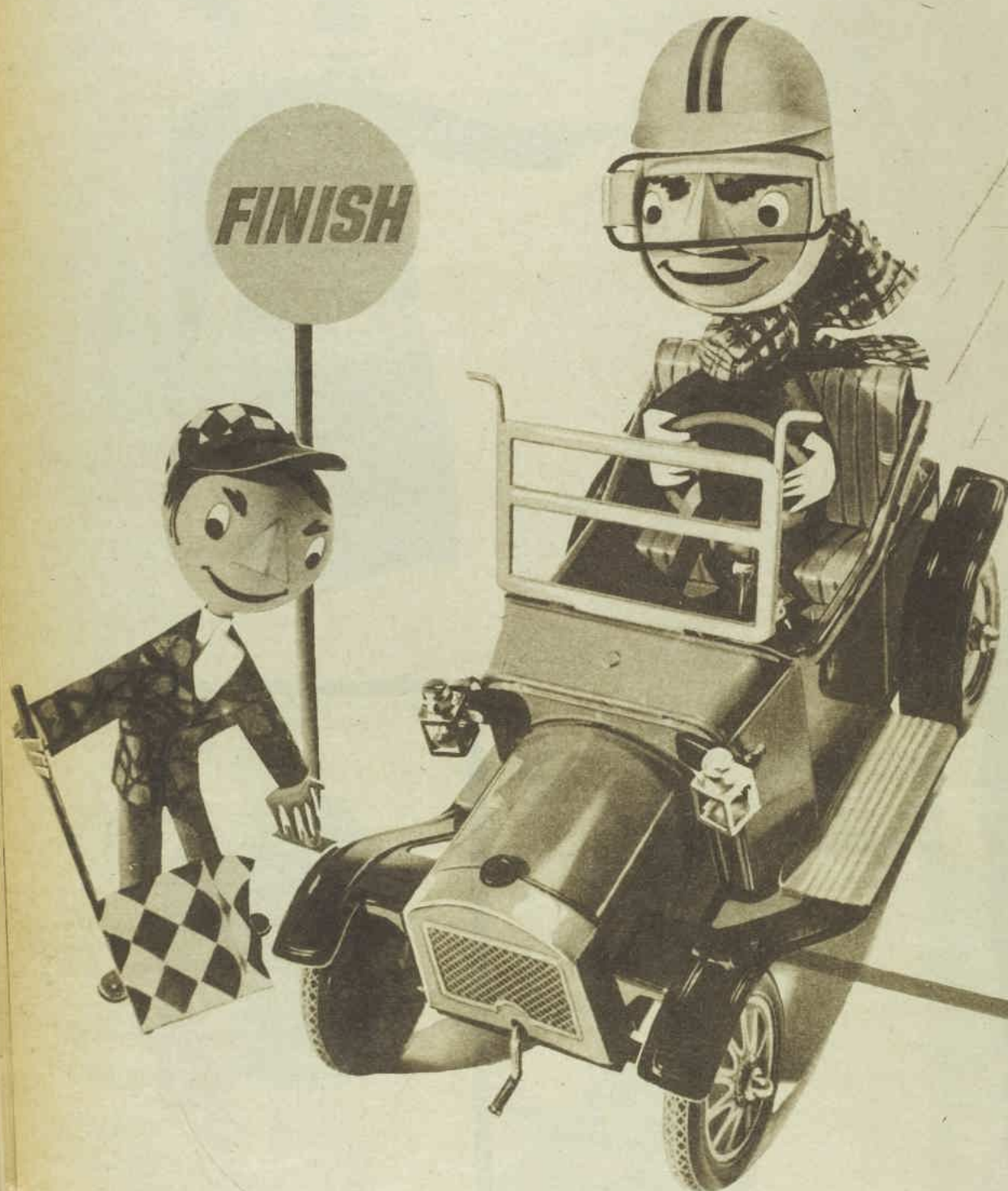
● Turtle-necked, long-sleeved dress (below) is made in sapphire-blue silk with a nail-head trim of gold studs. Note exotic earrings.



● Earth-brown crepe shift, trimmed with a glittering collar and matching cuffs. The same brown glitter is repeated in the stockings.



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winning  
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**...the powerful one!**



# He put spanners ON the works!

AFTER  
NUTTING  
IT ALL  
OUT...



★ Sculptor George Luke and his mechanical-motif mural.

• A large mural which sculptor George Luke made for an engineering firm in Brisbane shows some of the equipment of the trade — casting boxes, a drill head, and heavy machine tools.

The mural stands out well in cold cast metal, the color of copper, with a green patina and a lot of warm brown and sienna showing through. The mural is 14ft. by about 4ft.

The firm makes much of Queensland's railway material — lines, signal boxes, and other equipment.

It was George Luke's first industrial mural—and thereby hangs a tale...

Believing that nearly all engineering men were Scotsmen, he decided to wear a tartan tie.

"This wasn't difficult," George said. "I've got about 50 tartan ties of all clans. They used to belong to my

grandfather, who was a mad sort of Scotsman, crazy about tartans.

"I chose one of the Buchanan clan, and I don't know whether it was the effect of the tartan tie, but I DID get the commission. The mural took me three months to make in the workshop under my home.

It was a big job and I lost half a stone in weight."

The finished mural pleased the management, and most of the men working at the plant like it. A recent comment came from the chairman of directors of the parent company in England, Mr. Peter Ewen, who said on arriving in Brisbane from

London: "Well, I don't know what it is — but I like it."

But the manager of the firm dealt George's idea about engineering men being Scotsmen a sad blow. He said that nearly all of the executives of the firm in Brisbane were, in fact, Australian-born!

## COMPACT

## QUEEN PLANNED PRAYER THEME

★ When women in 146 countries, including Australia, meet to worship on this year's World Day of Prayer, they will follow an order of service prepared by Queen Salote of Tonga a few months before she died, in December, 1965.

Services begin as the first Friday in Lent, February 5, dawn on Tonga Island in the South Pacific. By its location near the International Date Line, Tonga has always been one of the first places where World Day of Prayer services have been held.

For the next 24 hours, services continue in an unbroken link westward in countries throughout the world, until the last observances, on St. Lawrence Island, off the coast of Alaska.

The World Day was inaugurated 79 years ago when a group of Presbyterian women in America met to pray for home missions.

Queen Salote chose for her theme, "Of His kingdom there shall be no end" (Luke 1: 33).

Said Dr. A. H. Wood, retiring head of the Methodist Ladies' College, Melbourne, and ex-President General of the Methodist Church of Australasia, who spent 13 years as a missionary in Tonga: "As a sincere Christian leader, Queen Salote would have been proud and happy that women all over the world were worshipping according to her service."

During his years on Tonga — from 1924 to 1937 — Dr. Wood was in charge of a boys' boarding school, which was attended by Queen Salote's two sons, the present King Tausa'ahau Tupou IV and Prince Tu'ipelehake.

He recalled how she met the women of Nuku'alofa (the capital) every week at her palace to lead their bible study meetings.

Queen Salote is remembered by past and present pupils of the Methodist Ladies' College. In 1953, when returning to Tonga from the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, she stopped off in Melbourne to lay the foundation stone of the new junior school.

A beautiful stained-glass window in the school chapel is a copy of a picture of Queen Salote taken in 1924, when Dr. Wood first met her.

REMEMBER our feature (in the December 21 issue) about where to find gemstones? Well, a reader has pointed out the damage that an inconsiderate fossicker can do to private property (not all land we listed is Government lease, she wrote). She suggests a fossicker should ask permission to hunt for gems on private land and so give the owner a chance to suggest bushfire caution and care about litter, etc.

WHEN Gloria Wild, 17, of Homebush, N.S.W., tells people her job, they stare at her in disbelief.

For, this attractive brunette who makes her own clothes — "I made a bikini this summer" — and paints landscapes and dogs in watercolors is an apprentice fitter and turner.

"I wanted to be a vet," she said, "and hoped to go to university. But Dad had to go into hospital and couldn't afford to keep me at school any longer."

### "A bit mad"

So Gloria was forced to look for a job. She had no idea what she wanted to do, she said, except that under no circumstances would she do secretarial work, or "anything like that."

"The employment bureau that I went to in Sydney were trying to get more girls into boys' trades, and encouraged me to take an apprenticeship," Gloria said.

"The firm of die-casting engineers where I am now working had a vacancy, and, though they thought I was a bit mad, they were willing to take on a girl. I work four days a week and study one."

Gloria is studying for her trade certificate at a Sydney technical college, and has just completed one year of the five-year course. Although her trade calculations and theory are as accurate as the other apprentices, she said that she finds practical work, like squaring off cast iron blocks with a file, more difficult.

★ Gloria... she hopes to be a draughtsman.



## Girl turned —to fitting

"The boys did metalwork for two to three years at school, while I have to catch up in one year," she said ruefully.

Brought up on a 2500-acre beef cattle farm in N.S.W., Gloria, who hopes one day to be a mechanical draughtsman, doesn't think there is anything unusual about a girl doing boy's work.

"On the farm I used to plough the fields and brand the cows," she said. "I've even gone mustering and driven a bulldozer."

• One of the non-stop dieters in our office has found a novel way to resist calorie temptations. At restaurants she writes letters on serviettes instead of eating lunch with her friends. The idea came from a girlfriend who received love letters on serviettes from a boyfriend interstate. "I always think of you at restaurants," he wrote, "because you eat so much."

## New Way to Reduce Weight

A tablet specially designed for sweet tooths that aids in weight reduction is now available. You can now slim and stay slim by taking one or two tablets after the main meal each day to dispel and neutralize the fatty unsaturated content of the food eaten and lessen body weight until normal.

Excessive weight, besides robbing one's youth and beauty, soon leads to the risk of development of high blood pressure, hypertensive heart disease and circulatory, coronary and internal disorders. A sensible diet of lean meat, fish, fruit and vegetables, avoiding excesses of sugary and starch content foods and the use of polyunsaturated oils in the preparation of food, together with Mevon Extract tablets each day is the safe and easy way to reduce excess weight.

These Mevon Extract tablets quickly sweeten the breath, hasten digestive processes of all foods and contribute to a healthier, happier enjoyment of daily living. They are so easy to take and are sucked like a sweet. These Mevon Extract tablets do not need a doctor's prescription and are available at most leading pharmacies.



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## THIGHLAND FLING...

• These days when a boy body meets a girl body coming through the rye he often sees more leg than he used to. You see, two Scots firms are now making mini-kilts—18in. long instead of the traditional kneecap-length.





BEECHAL CREEK, a tributary of Warrego River, 100 miles west of Charleville, in south-west Queensland

## JANUARY 8

**1789** The first child born on Norfolk Island, and named Norfolk. The baby's parents were the elder son of Lieutenant Philip Gidley King, the commandant of Norfolk Island, later Governor of New South Wales, and a convict girl named Ann Inett.

**1804** First record of cricket being played in Australia. The reference was made in the "Sydney Gazette," but neither the participants nor the ground were mentioned. Introduction of the game in Australia is ascribed to officers of the ship *Calcutta*, which arrived in Port Jackson the previous month.

**1810** First newspaper published in Tasmania. It bore the lengthy name of "The Derwent Star and Van Diemen's Land Intelligencer." The newspaper had a spicy style all its own in recording marriages. One item gave the names of the bride and bridegroom, told where they were from, and added . . . "They had cohabited together for 14 years, verifying the old adage 'Better late than Never.'"

## JANUARY 9

**1804** The site of the city of Launceston discovered by William Collins, who was sent from Port Phillip to explore the Tamar River.

**1815** Death of Baron Augustus Alt, Surveyor-General of New South Wales. He accompanied Governor Arthur Phillip in the First Fleet and laid out the settlement at Sydney.

**1878** Sir Graham Berry dismissed 200 Victorian public servants, including judges, magistrates, coroners, and heads of important departments.

January 9 became notorious as "Black Wednesday." The Legislative Council had refused to pass the Appropriation Bill, and Berry, on the plea that this refusal deprived him of funds with which to pay the officials, promptly dismissed them. For his assent to this arbitrary act, the Governor of the col-

# AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

● Second of a series by Bill Beatty

ony, Sir George Bowen, was severely reproved by the British Government and soon afterwards removed.

## JANUARY 10

**1823** Commissioner Bigge's third and final report on New South Wales issued. John Thomas Bigge, Judge and King's Commissioner, was selected by Earl Bathurst, early in 1819, to inquire into conditions in New South Wales and its administration. Much of the matter in his reports was based on unsworn and often malicious testimony and on selfish opinion, but provide a detailed picture of the Macquarie era.

**1858** Arrival in Sydney of the American mutiny ship *Junio*. The crew mutinied off New Zealand and forced one of the mates to navigate the vessel to New South Wales, where, off Cape Howe, ten mutineers left the ship. Four were captured, but the others escaped.

**1868** Last convicts arrived in Australia. Among the prisoners was a youth named Samuel Speed, under sentence of seven years for arson, but who was released as a good-conduct man after three years. He died in 1938 in Perth — the sole survivor of the convict era.

## JANUARY 11

**1847** The first time the word bunyip appeared in print. Many older folk can vividly recall the fears associated with this mysterious beast. Bunyip was a name applied by aborigines of Victoria to a mythical water-dwelling monster, the existence of which appears to have been widely credited.

**1866** John Woolley, first principal of the University of Sydney and a brilliant scholar, was drowned when the ship *London* was lost in the Bay of Biscay.

On his arrival in Sydney in 1852 as principal of the newly established university he faced extreme difficulties. Parliament was unsympathetic, students were few in number, and in many cases their preliminary schooling had been inadequate. It was not until several years after his death that the number of students reached 100.

## JANUARY 12

**1858** Sir Augustus Charles Gregory, explorer and Surveyor-General of Queensland, left Sydney in search of the lost explorer Ludwig Leichhardt. This was his second attempt to trace Leichhardt, on this occasion travelling through Central Australia via the Warrego and Barcoo past Lake Torrens. His journeys opened up hitherto unknown regions in the four larger colonies and extended across the whole length of the continent. (A picture of Warrego River country appears on this page.)

**1872** Tin discovered at Tenterfield, New South Wales.

**1900** First case of bubonic plague in Australia. The 20th century opened with a serious outbreak of bubonic plague (1900-1906) which affected all States except Tasmania and South Australia — yet this first case was discovered in Adelaide. Dr. Ashburton Thompson, Chief Medical Officer to the Government of New South Wales and one of the most distinguished figures in the history of Australian public health, made an intensive study of the outbreak in

Sydney, and established irrefutably that infection was carried from infected rats to man by fleas. As a result of Dr. Thompson's work, the disease was brought under control in most parts of the world.

## JANUARY 13

**1644** Tasman sent on a second voyage of exploration. On this journey Tasman sailed down the west coast of New Guinea and explored the north coast of Australia from Cape York to North-West Cape, making a survey which was to remain in use for almost two centuries.

Again there was disappointment that the source of riches had been discovered. Tasman's feats of seamanship were recognised and he was appointed a member of the Council of Justice at Batavia.

**1836** Charles Darwin landed in Sydney. The distinguished English biologist arrived as official naturalist aboard HMS *Beagle*, which was on a survey voyage around the world.

## JANUARY 14

**1836** Arrival of composer William Vincent Wallace. His advent was hailed by the "Sydney Gazette" as "the commencement of a new era in the chronology of music in the Colony." The gifted composer, an instrumentalist, then only 24, arranged the first music festival in Australia — held at St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney.

A quaint advertisement for one of his recitals stated that "constables in attendance will ensure the presence of the right person." His opera "Maritana" was written partly in Hobart.

**1856** Jules Francois Archibald born. One of the founders of the Sydney "Bull" Club, he bequeathed money for the erection of a fountain to commemorate the association of France and Australia in World War I. The fountain, one of the finest works of sculpture of its kind in Australia, is erected in Hyde Park, Sydney. He also bequeathed money which provides annually the Archibald (art) Prize.



● A long-range  
forecast

# YOUR STARS FOR 1968

By  
**FRANCESCO WALDNER**  
world-famous astrologer



## ARIES

(March 21-April 20)

**GENERAL:** You are required to exercise patience and self-control, to be adaptable, and to persevere with work. Elderly people and superiors must be treated tactfully—that is the only way to achieve practical and financial recognition.

**LOVE AND FRIENDS:** Many of you will get married, but there will also be some separations—which work out to your advantage because, after great initial sadness, there are plenty of new opportunities. But be careful with new acquaintances.

**FAMILY:** Your relations need much attention, understanding, and patience. If a relative has to leave you, don't be too upset—you will find that it has been for the best. Your social life will be active and enjoyable.



## TAURUS

(April 21-May 20)

**GENERAL:** Carry on with what you are doing now and don't get any bees in your bonnet. Some lucky events will help you in 1968. Financial matters look promising, with unexpected money coming in.

**LOVE AND FRIENDS:** It's not a quiet year, but the excitement is mostly pleasant surprises. Young people can expect romantic love-affairs and should be careful to avoid disappointments. Married couples can expect interference from third persons.

**FAMILY:** A member of the family can at long last sort out a certain problem, but you will have to worry about some illness. A year to make useful and interesting acquaintances and lead a variegated social life.



## GEMINI

(May 21-June 21)

**GENERAL:** Be careful about changing your job. You will earn well, but tend to overspend. Beware of risky investments—someone may try to pull a fast one. An excellent year for journeys abroad. Watch your teeth.

**LOVE AND FRIENDS:** You may meet strange, out-of-the-ordinary people, who guide your life in an entirely new direction. Chance of romantic developments, but be cautious. You will meet the nicest people either when travelling or at cultural gatherings.

**FAMILY:** If there are sudden discords and misunderstandings, don't worry—they shouldn't last long. Don't neglect old friends, however boring, and accept invitations for journeys and parties. You have a good chance of spending a delightful summer. But be tolerant.



## CANCER

(June 22-July 22)

**GENERAL:** If you adapt yourself and bear with certain people, this will prove a successful and advantageous year. There should be no major financial difficulties for you, either—in fact, some extra money will come in.

**LOVE AND FRIENDS:** You won't suffer from boredom, but will meet fascinating people. Love at first sight may come to many and there will be engagements and marriages. However, don't let a short-lived infatuation ruin a serious relationship.

**FAMILY:** An eventful year, but you must be patient with relatives and friends. Misunderstandings must not be taken too seriously, and avoid arguments. The young members of the family will bring parents lots of joy.



## LEO

(July 23-August 22)

**GENERAL:** 1968 is a very important year for you. You consolidate your position, both socially and economically. Intensified studies and new working methods help. There is a chance of inheriting money, or getting loans repaid.

**LOVE AND FRIENDS:** Generally, there is a tendency to serious friendships and perfect understanding. You will get on very well with your partner. Beware, however, of outsiders' trying to upset you with intrigues and causing misunderstandings.

**FAMILY:** Here, too, thanks to the excellent influence from Saturn and Jupiter, matters are likely to improve considerably. A good time to buy property and for modernising your home. You will be much in demand.



## VIRGO

(August 23-September 23)

**GENERAL:** You will leave your very personal imprint on whatever you touch, big changes will work out well, you will be appreciated, and influential people will help you along. Unexpectedly, you will also increase your earnings considerably.

**LOVE AND FRIENDS:** You will enjoy life to the full and be generally successful. People will find you most attractive and charming and you should make the most of this without, however, permitting your love of romance to run away with you.

**FAMILY:** Difficulties can be very nicely ironed out, and the family will be closer than ever. Building plans can be put into operation, and everybody will be delighted. Pay more attention to social activities. They help you.



## LIBRA

(September 24-October 23)

**GENERAL:** Your most ambitious aims may be achieved in 1968. But think well before making long-term arrangements, and draw up a clear contract. In December, you will also be helped by the planet of good fortune.

**LOVE AND FRIENDS:** Matters of the heart will get quite exciting. At times, you will be disturbed and full of doubts; but look after your partner and be particularly nice. Beware of flirtations.

**FAMILY:** Make the most of your personal charm and your delightful ways. Children will give much satisfaction, and as to domestic changes, these had better be postponed to the end of the year or to 1969. Success at social gatherings, especially in April, June, December.



## SCORPIO

(October 24-November 22)

**GENERAL:** Your position will be improved and your reputation will go up. You have a chance to improve your financial status, but always make clear arrangements, and don't listen to attractive promises unless well substantiated.

**LOVE AND FRIENDS:** Ups and downs in matters of the heart, and some emotional upsets between April and June, 1968; in fact, acquaintances made during that period cause worry. Generally, however, there is a good chance of romance.

**FAMILY:** You should enjoy a serene and happy year, and your family will be united, and full of understanding for each other. Patience is needed with the children, but the results make it all worthwhile, you will find.



## SAGITTARIUS

(November 23-December 21)

**GENERAL:** You have a very busy year. But you will be able to overcome obstacles if you organise yourself. There will be unavoidable and unexpected delays. But control your reactions, especially when dealing with superiors. Things brighten later.

**LOVE AND FRIENDS:** In spite of occasional setbacks, you should enjoy success and admiration generally. Stick to your usual friends and keep away from flirtations. You must be loyal and sincere.

**FAMILY:** Risk of temporary financial difficulties, but if you face up to the situation, you will get through. Ups and downs socially. Don't be upset by intrigues and don't give others the opportunity to gossip.



## CAPRICORN

(December 22-January 20)

**GENERAL:** Brilliant prospects, but you have to fight for success. Professionally, you will consolidate your position, thanks to excellent relations with colleagues. A journey will be full of fascinating surprises. No financial difficulties are expected.

**LOVE AND FRIENDS:** Almost against your will, you could be involved in a passionate love affair which is likely to change your whole life. Many will criticise you and disapprove, but you shouldn't listen to them.

**FAMILY:** You won't be able to avoid all friction, especially with close relatives. But things work out in their own time, and unless you are directly involved keep out of arguments. Social life promises very well.



## AQUARIUS

(January 21-February 19)

**GENERAL:** Many of you succeed in establishing a sound and lasting basis for your work, and elderly and influential people lend you their help. Don't plan too many journeys; you may have to postpone them.

**LOVE AND FRIENDS:** Matters of the heart develop well. You meet lots of people and are greatly in demand, thanks to your charm. You will be much attracted by an eccentric personality; don't, because of it, spoil a serious friendship.

**FAMILY:** Problems connected with the immediate family can be settled successfully and misunderstandings with neighbors be ironed out. Social life is important, so accept invitations and meet new people. Develop your hobby. It will win you much admiration.



## PISCES

(February 20-March 20)

**GENERAL:** Friends open up new possibilities for your advancement. At times, however, you may find it difficult to get on with people, because you tend to be over-sensitive. Your position improves, but don't overspend.

**LOVE AND FRIENDS:** A very lively year, with the chance of marriage proposals for those still unattached. And many of you, who thought that matters of the heart had nothing exciting in store, will be surprised.

**FAMILY:** The home atmosphere will be much more peaceful and there will be many a nice surprise. For some of you, hitherto strong family opposition will be overcome, and you can expect to get married.



**T**HIS prizewinning loaf would make a substantial tea or picnic treat for your family during the New Year holiday season.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipe.

#### POLISH HOLIDAY BREAD FILLING

¾ cup roughly chopped walnuts  
1-3rd cup poppy seeds  
1-3rd cup cream  
2 tablespoons honey  
2 tablespoons sugar  
1 tablespoon plain flour

### Yeast loaf has luscious filling

● An unusual yeast bread with its own delicious poppy seed and honey filling wins the \$10 prize in our regular cookery contest.

#### BREAD

½ oz. compressed yeast  
2 tablespoons lukewarm water  
2 tablespoons butter or substitute  
2 tablespoons sugar  
1 teaspoon salt  
1-3rd cup scalded milk  
1 egg  
2 cups plain flour  
1 tablespoon cream

**Filling:** Combine all ingredients in saucepan. Bring slowly up to boil over low heat, stirring constantly; simmer 2 minutes. Leave to cool.

**Bread:** Soften yeast in lukewarm water. Combine butter, sugar, salt, and scalded milk; mix well. Add beaten egg and yeast mixture, mix thoroughly. Blend in sifted flour gradually,

beating well after each addition. Cover and stand aside in warm place, 15 minutes. Turn on to floured board and knead well 1 minute.

Roll out into oblong approximately 12in. x 10in. Spread with the cooled poppy-seed mixture, to within 1in. of edges. Roll up as for sponge roll, seal edges. Place on greased baking sheet, brush with cream. Let rise in warm place, uncovered, until well risen (about 25 minutes). Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. R. Grierson, "Lindfield," Julia Creek, Qld.

from the 'good taste' people

## Master Foods

Wow! Cucumbers you can't stop eating. Crisply fresh, delicately spiced and as good to look at as they are to eat. They add a zingy lift to bread and butter (that's where the name comes from), biscuits and cheese, salads, hamburgers—anything!



Master Foods are masters of the pickling art. But, if you've never tasted their Bread and Butter Cucumbers — you'll never know. So buy a jar today. It might be wise to buy the biggest you can see, because once you — and your family — taste them, you'll discover why we call them "cucumbers you can't stop eating."

'Oh! those Master Foods people! They really live up to their name'

## Hints for home cooks

● This week we give cookery hints sent in by readers, including some useful tips for jam-making. Each hint wins \$2 prize.

**I**F your children will eat pumpkin by itself, cooking it with carrots, drain, and mash with and pepper, add grated cheese. And for a real change, finally add some finely chopped parsley. — Mrs. Paterson, 30 Alexandra Ave. Westmead, N.S.W.

When making jam, remember that marmalade or any of the berry jams should never be bottled while hot, this causes the fruit to float to the top. Let jam cool and begin to thicken before bottling. All other jams should be bottled hot. — N. Roberts, 167 Tooley St., Maryborough, Qld.

Add a small quantity of chopped mint—one or two leaves—to fruit salad. It's delicious with either the fresh or tinned variety. — Mrs. Yvonne Eddleston, Weemala St., Chester Hill, N.S.W.

Cook large quantities of meat balls in the oven. Put a little fat into baking dish, then place meat balls into dish, using an ice-cream scoop. They will cook evenly and will all be finished at the same time. — Mrs. M. Howie, 9 Hampden St., Ffife, S.A.

To make a successful rice cake without the correctly shaped tin: Place lid of half gallon cream tin in 8in. sandwich tin, carefully press greased foil over lid and into depression formed, then over sides of larger tin. Remove foil carefully when cake is cooked. — Mrs. J. E. Hunter, Hawbridge, Aspley, Qld.

Chopped preserved ginger sprinkled into whipped cream served with pumpkin pie, adds an unusual flavor. If preserved ginger is not available, substitute a dash of powdered ginger. — Miss Debbie Rinaldi, c/o Mrs. W. Morley, Waroona P.O., W.A.

A small amount of solid vegetable shortening, melted and added to food coating, will assist in making a smoother coating that will adhere better to the food. This is well worth remembering when coating marshmallow balls with chocolate. — Mrs. Haberfield, 10 Bostock St., Warrnambool, Vic.

## RIVETS







# SUMMER HOLIDAY COOK BOOK

Our Leila Howard Test Kitchen has compiled this cook book to enable you to enjoy your summer holidays, whether away or at home, free of food problems. Are you giving a brunch party, a barbecue, going on a picnic at the beach or in the bush? Do you plan to go camping or yachting? You'll find recipes in this book for wonderful food that will satisfy the keenest appetites, and make even a simple outing seem like a party.







**HOLIDAY BRUNCH** in the sunshine, with fresh orange juice, toast, Eggs En Cocotte, and fruit. Recipes for delicious brunch dishes are below.

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## ● BRUNCH

You can rise late on a holiday morning to prepare brunch — a leisurely meal that is a combination of breakfast and lunch.

**FOODS** for brunch can be more varied, more hearty than for breakfast — kidneys, hot waffles or crumpets, fish or egg dishes, thick slices of hot raisin bread. The possibilities are endless.

### CELERY WELSH RAREBIT

1oz. butter  
2 tablespoons flour  
1 pint milk  
1 teaspoon prepared mustard  
salt and pepper

1lb. grated sharp cheese  
2 finely chopped sticks celery  
6 slices hot buttered toast

Melt the butter in saucepan, stir in flour and cook, stirring, until mixture becomes bubbly. Remove from heat, gradually blend in milk; return and cook, stirring, until mixture reaches boiling point. Remove from heat, stir in cheese (reserving about 3 tablespoon-fuls), chopped celery, salt, pepper, and mustard. Cook, stirring, over gentle heat until cheese has melted. Do not allow to boil. Divide mixture between toast slices, sprinkle with remaining cheese. Brown under hot grill, serve immediately.

### TOASTED SANDWICHES

slices of bread  
butter  
bacon rashers

tomato slices  
salt and pepper

Lightly butter bread slices on one side. Remove rind from bacon, grill rashers until crisp. Arrange bacon and tomato slices on slices of bread, season to taste. Top with remaining slices, toast sandwiches under grill until golden on both sides. Serve hot.

### WAFFLES

2 cups self-raising flour  
2 tablespoons cornflour  
2 separated eggs

4oz. melted butter or substitute  
1 cup milk  
1 cup water  
good pinch salt

Add milk and water to beaten egg-yolks, beat well. Stir in sifted dry ingredients, then add melted butter. Whisk egg-whites stiffly and fold in gently.

Grease the waffle iron and heat. Allow 3 tablespoons of mixture for each waffle, replace lid. Cook 5 minutes or until crisp. Serve buttered with crisp-fried bacon and scrambled egg.

**Sweet Waffles:** To the above recipe add 1 dessertspoon sugar. This is beaten with the egg-yolks before adding milk, water, and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Serve buttered, with honey.

### GRILLED KIPPERS

4 kippers  
butter

Wipe kippers with damp cloth, rub with a little butter. Place under grill, cook until crisp and dark brown on the outside, turning once. Serve, topped with nut of butter.

### FRIED EGGS WITH BLACK BUTTER

4 eggs  
3oz. butter  
1 dessertspoon vinegar or lemon juice  
1 tablespoon capers

Heat a little of the butter in frying pan. Break in eggs, fry in usual way. Remove from pan, keep warm. Add remaining butter, shake over heat until nut-brown. Remove from heat, stir in vinegar or lemon juice. Spoon over eggs, and sprinkle with capers.

### SAVORY SCRAMBLED EGGS

8 eggs  
salt and pepper  
1 tablespoon chopped parsley  
3 or 4 bacon rashers  
1 teaspoon dried thyme  
butter  
1 tablespoon cream

Break eggs into bowl, add seasoning and parsley. Beat with fork until yolks and whites are well blended.

Remove rind from bacon, cut meat into small pieces. Heat a little butter in saucepan, fry bacon until almost crisp. Add thyme and cook a few moments. Heat a little more butter in pan, add the egg mixture. Cook, stirring constantly, until egg begins to set. Add

Please note: Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in our recipes.

the cream, continue stirring until cooked to taste. Serve on hot, buttered toast.

### BACON AND MUSHROOM OMELET

4 rashers bacon  
1lb. mushrooms  
butter  
salt and pepper  
1 teaspoon flour

2 tablespoons cream  
8 eggs  
water

Remove rinds from bacon; grill rashers until crisp, cut into small pieces. Slice the mushrooms. Heat a little butter in saucepan, saute mushrooms until tender. Sprinkle in flour and salt and pepper to taste. Stir over heat a few moments, then add cream. Continue cooking a little longer, stirring continuously; add bacon.

Make 2 omelets, using 4 eggs in each. Break eggs into bowl. Add 1 tablespoon water per egg and seasoning to taste. Using fork, beat eggs gently until yolk and white are just combined. Heat a little butter in omelet or frying pan, add egg mixture. Using one hand to shake pan, stir mixture with fork held in the other hand. Draw the cooked mixture into centre, allowing unset egg to take its place. When underside is golden and top barely set, spoon some of the filling on to one side of omelet. Fold over the other side, transfer omelet to serving dish. Repeat with remaining eggs and filling.

### EGGS EN COCOTTE

eggs  
butter  
salt and pepper  
cream

1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Stand individual earthenware ramekins in deep frying pan containing water. Place a nut of butter in base of each ramekin. Bring water to boil gently, and when butter has melted break 1 or 2 eggs into ramekin. Cover pan, cook 3 to 4 minutes or until white is solid and yolks soft. Season with salt and pepper. Spoon a tablespoon of cream over each, dust with chopped parsley.

### HADDOCK WITH EGGS

1lb. smoked haddock  
milk  
water

butter  
4 poached eggs  
freshly ground black pepper

If haddock is very salty, soak overnight in cold water; drain. Place in greased heatproof dish. Add equal quantities of water and milk almost to cover. Drizzle with butter, season with pepper. Cover and bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes, or until tender.

Drain fillets from cooking liquid. Drizzle with butter, top with poached egg.

### SAUTEED KIDNEYS WITH MUSHROOMS

12 lamb's kidneys  
4oz. butter  
1 large chopped onion  
2 tablespoons plain flour  
1 cup stock  
1 cup cream

1lb. sliced mushrooms  
salt and pepper  
1 tablespoon chopped parsley  
1 teaspoon dried thyme

Skin kidneys, removing cores and membranes; cut in halves. Melt butter in large frying pan, add onions and thyme, saute 2 or 3 minutes. Add kidneys, cook gently until done (about 10 minutes). Add salt, pepper, flour; stir well, pour on stock. Bring to boil, stirring; reduce heat, add cream and mushrooms. Simmer until sauce is heated. Just before serving stir in chopped parsley.

### RAISIN LOAF

2 cups plain flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
1 cup castor sugar

3oz. raisins  
1 cup milk  
3 dessertspoons syrup

Sift flour, salt, baking powder into bowl; add sugar. Stir in fruit, milk, and syrup and mix until thoroughly blended. Place in greased and lined 8 x 4in. loaf tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour.

Picture on page 1 by staff photographer Don Cameron. For beach picnic recipes, see page 11.



# ● BARBECUES

Barbecues are good for serving family meals, or for entertaining with a minimum of effort. Almost all foods seem to taste better when barbecued — steak, chops, sausages, even pineapple.

**CHOOSE** T-bone steaks and loin or leg chops for a barbecue. Brush with oil and place on greased barbecue grill. Slash steak fat to prevent curling during cooking. Cook, turning once and seasoning well, until done to taste. Serve with green salad.

## KEBABS

$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. leg of lamb  
1 large onion  
2 teaspoons salt  
1 teaspoon pepper  
1 teaspoon oregano  
1 tablespoon oil

Cut lamb into 1 in. squares, put into earthenware or glass bowl. Combine finely chopped onion with all remaining ingredients; toss lamb in this mixture, let stand several hours or overnight.

Next day arrange on individual skewers, alternating each cube of meat with any of the following: mushroom caps, tomato slices, wedges of red or green pepper, bacon cubes, zucchini slices, etc. Grill until cooked to taste.

## BARBECUED SAUSAGES

$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. pork sausages  
1 cup water  
1 dessertspoon brown sugar  
1 cup chopped celery  
1 large chopped onion  
1 cup vinegar  
1 cup tomato sauce

Cook sausages until well browned, browning several times. (This can be done in pan over barbecue.) Melt a little butter in saucepan, add celery and onions, saute until tender. Add all remaining ingredients, stir well; add sausages. Simmer 10 to 15 minutes.

**Note:** To hasten cooking time, put sausages into saucepan of cold water, bring slowly to boil, simmer 5 minutes; drain. Then cook until brown. When cooked thus, pricking is unnecessary.

## VERMOUTH CHICKEN

small chickens (about 2 lb. each)  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup oil  
juice of 1 lemon  
salt, pepper  
3 bayleaves

Cut chickens into halves or quarters. Put into bowl. Combine vermouth, oil, lemon juice, salt, pepper, bayleaves; pour over chicken. Let stand up to 4 hours, turning occasionally.

Drain chicken pieces from bowl, but reserve marinade. Arrange chicken, skin side up, on foil trays or heavy sheets of foil placed over barbecue. Cook 15 to 20 minutes. Turn chicken, continue cooking until tender and skin is crisp, further 15 to 20 minutes. (If necessary, remove foil once chicken has been turned, so birds get more direct heat). Baste frequently with the reserved marinade while cooking.

## BARBECUED BEEF SPARERIBS

4 lb. beef spareribs  
1 cup tomato sauce  
2 finely chopped onions  
2 crushed cloves garlic  
1 cup water  
1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce  
2 teaspoons prepared mustard  
salt, pepper

Ask butcher to give you meaty ribs. Cut them into pieces, with about 3 ribs in each piece. Combine all remaining ingredients to make basting sauce.

Cook ribs over barbecue, turning them frequently, and basting often with the sauce.

## HAMBURGERS

3 lb. minced steak  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped parsley  
salt and pepper  
1 teaspoon ground allspice

Blend all ingredients as lightly as possible. Form into flat cakes. The less handling the uncooked mixture receives, the more tender the hamburgers will be. Grill slowly, allowing 5 to 10 minutes for each side.

This quantity will make about 12 large hamburgers.

## BARBECUED PORK SPARERIBS

3-4 lb. pork spareribs  
1 cup red wine  
1 crushed clove garlic

## BARBECUE SAUCE

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup wine  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup vinegar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup oil  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon pepper  
few drops tabasco sauce  
2 grated onions  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup tomato puree  
1 medium-size can tomatoes  
1 teaspoon mustard  
1 teaspoon thyme

Ask butcher to give you meaty ribs. Cut them into pieces, with about 3 ribs in each piece. Put into large bowl, add combined wine and garlic, marinate for several hours, turning occasionally. Remove from bowl. Add the wine and garlic marinade to all sauce ingredients; put into saucepan and bring to boil, stirring. (If tomatoes are large, chop them finely.) Simmer 15 minutes. Brush on drained ribs, and brush occasionally while ribs are cooking.



SPARERIBS ON THE FIRE, kebabs waiting to cook, with rice salad and fresh fruit, make a wonderful meal. See recipes on this page.

## BARBECUE SAUCE

(For steak, chops, etc.)

1 chopped onion  
1 crushed clove garlic  
1 oz. butter  
1 lb. tomatoes  
2 tablespoons tomato paste  
1 tablespoon vinegar  
1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  pint water  
1 dessertspoon sugar  
1 bayleaf  
salt, pepper

Skin and chop tomatoes. Soften onion and garlic in heated butter, add all remaining ingredients; cover, cook gently 20 minutes; strain. If too thin, cook quickly over high heat until sauce reduces slightly.

## GARLIC HERB BREAD

crusty french bread  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. butter  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped parsley  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped chives  
1 clove crushed garlic

Divide bread into slices, leaving about  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. uncut at base of each slice. Cream butter, blend in the chopped parsley and chives and crushed garlic. Spread this mixture on both sides of each slice. Wrap loaf in aluminium foil, heat on barbecue.

## BARBECUED FISH

1 small whole fish per person  
butter  
lemon juice  
salt, pepper

Mullet, barbecued this way, is delicious. Clean and scale fish; if using mullet, make sure all black lining of fish is removed.

Sprinkle inside of fish with salt and pepper, add squeeze of lemon juice. Arrange each fish on square of well-buttered foil, sprinkle top of fish with salt and pepper, add small knob of butter. Wrap fish neatly and securely in foil. Place on barbecue; cook, turning occasionally, approximately 20 minutes. Serve in the foil. Offer chopped parsley and lemon wedges separately.

## FOIL BAKED POTATOES

potatoes  
oil  
salt

Scrub potatoes well, dry. Brush generously with oil, sprinkle with salt; wrap in foil. Roast in the coals 35 to 40 minutes. Or place on barbecue grill; allow about 1 hour for cooking, turning frequently.

## RICE SALAD

1 lb. cooked long-grain rice  
4 sticks celery  
6 shallots  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  red pepper  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  green pepper  
2 grated carrots  
french dressing

Chop celery, shallots, and peppers finely, mix lightly through rice, together with the carrots. Add just enough french dressing to moisten.

## GRILLED PINEAPPLE

1 large ripe pineapple  
melted butter

Cut unpeeled pineapple into 6 or 8 wedges. Remove core from each wedge. Brush generously with melted butter, grill on barbecue until lightly browned. Serve as is, warm, with cream. The skin will come away easily as the slices are eaten.

## ● Take care with your outdoor fire

**BEFORE** you light your barbecue fire, campfire, or picnic fire in a public area, make sure what fire regulations apply to that area and rigidly obey them.

Bushfires are a real and terrible danger; all care should be taken to help prevent them.

If a fire is permitted where you plan to camp or picnic, sweep away all the leaves, twigs, etc., for some yards round the fireplace. Choose a protected spot, if possible, sheltered from the wind, to avoid the risk of flying sparks.

If boiling the billy, hang it over the fire, suspended from a forked stick or a stick supported on two forked sticks or two piles of stones. The billy will boil quickly this way.

When leaving the picnic or camp site, make sure that the fire is completely out; use sand to cover the embers or, if water is available, use this to douse the fire so not a spark remains.





Graham Kerr, international TV gourmet says...

# Barbecue better with Butter

...and add to the enjoyment with a cheeseboard "on the side"

Here's a delightful new idea for Summer meals outdoors — kabobs barbecued with butter! Delightfully different! Butter brings out the full natural flavour of meat — keeps it moist, succulent and prevents shrinkage and drying.

Simply brush each kabob with melted butter whilst cooking, or to give your barbecue added zest, try our barbecue butter sauce.

Melt 4 ounces butter, add 2 tablespoons lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon garlic salt, 2-3 drops Worcestershire sauce, a little ground pepper and a pinch of thyme. "On the side", cheeseboard, of course! Choose from many fine Australian cheeses and add to the enjoyment of healthy, relaxing, outdoor meals.



Inserted in the interests  
of better nutrition  
by the Australian Dairy  
Produce Board



Butter  
— a health food  
only nature  
can provide



# ● SALADS

● Cut down on your cooking time during the holiday by serving a luscious salad as a main dish. Salads can be made in almost endless variety, and are a wonderful way of using up any leftovers.

A SALAD, preceded by a soup, either hot or chilled (see recipes overleaf), and followed by a dessert, makes a meal ideally suited to summer.

## COLESLAW

half medium shallots  
cabbage 4 sticks celery  
carrots 1 red-skinned  
about ½ bunch apple

## DRESSING

tablespoon cayenne  
lemon juice ½ teaspoon salt  
cup mayonnaise freshly ground  
teaspoon dry pepper  
mustard 3 tablespoons  
food pinch cream

Remove stalk and shred cabbage very finely; grate carrots. Cut celery and shallots, including green parts, into diagonal pieces. Wash but do not peel apple, core, and cut into dice.

Mix together all prepared vegetables and apple and add enough dressing to give even coating. Mix well.

Dressing: Place all dressing ingredients in small basin, mix well.

## SALAD PLATTER

Salads, packaged in polythene containers, can be carried to the picnic — and, when opened, will be just as fresh as when packed.

In the picture below are:

- Cooked, halved hard-boiled eggs.
- Carrots, cut diagonally, cooked until just tender and, while still warm, tossed lightly in french dressing.
- Asparagus spears.
- Cucumber slices, sprinkled with salt, let stand 15 minutes, then drained and sprinkled lightly with french dressing or vinegar. (If desired, they can be tossed in a little mayonnaise.)
- Black olives.
- Potato salad tossed with chopped green shallots and canned corn.
- Chopped red and green peppers, blanched in hot water, drained, and tossed in french dressing.

## CHICKEN SALAD

2-3 cups chopped cooked chicken  
2 cups mayonnaise  
¼ cup cream  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
1 dessertspoon white vinegar  
1 teaspoon dry mustard  
1 teaspoon salt  
2 tablespoons finely chopped chives  
2 hard-boiled eggs, chopped  
1 small dill pickle, chopped

Combine all ingredients; let stand 30 minutes. Spoon into lettuce cups. Garnish with tomato wedges and watercress.

## SOUSED FISH

1 fish (2 to 2½ lb.)  
1 small sliced onion  
8 cloves  
12 black peppercorns  
1 sliced chilli  
½ teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon mixed spice  
½ teaspoon ground ginger  
1½ cups wine or cider vinegar  
lemon wedges  
chopped parsley

Clean fish, trim fins, place fish in flat casserole. Cover with onion, cloves, peppercorns, chilli, salt, mixed spice, and ginger; pour over vinegar. Cover with well-greased greaseproof paper, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes or until fish is tender. Allow to cool in baking dish. Serve with strained liquor, lemon wedges, sprinkle with chopped parsley. Accompany with salad greens.

## CUCUMBER SALAD WITH CREAM

1 large cucumber  
salt  
little vinegar  
1 tablespoon cream  
chopped parsley  
1 tablespoon chopped chives

Peel cucumber, cut in halves lengthwise. Remove seeds with spoon. Slice the 2 halves thinly, place slices in bowl. Sprinkle with salt and vinegar, cover with saucer and a weight. Let stand 2 hours, then drain. Sprinkle with parsley and chives, pour over sufficient cream to coat thoroughly. Serve at once.

COLESLAW, one of the most popular of all salads, will pack well for picnics. The recipe is at left.

## HERRING SALAD

2 bismarck herrings  
2 cups cooked cold meat  
1 cup cooked beetroot  
1 pickled cucumber  
1½ cups boiled potatoes  
1 apple  
2 tablespoons wine vinegar  
1 teaspoon sugar  
salt, pepper  
½ pint cream  
3 hard-boiled eggs

Note: Cold cooked pork, veal, lamb, beef, etc., can be used for this salad.

Chop herrings, dice meat, beetroot, cucumber, potatoes, and peeled apple. Combine; sprinkle with salt, vinegar, pepper, and sugar. Pour over the lightly whipped cream, garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg.

## CREAMY POTATO SALAD

2 lb. potatoes  
½ cup french dressing  
½ cup sliced celery  
few chopped green shallots  
1 cup mayonnaise  
½ cup sour cream  
1½ teaspoons prepared mustard  
salt  
½ cup diced cucumber

If using old potatoes, peel; if new potatoes, cook in their jackets and peel when cooked. Slice potatoes or cut into large dice while still warm. Put into bowl, pour over the french dressing, toss gently to coat potato pieces. Let stand 1 hour. Add celery and shallots. Combine mayonnaise, sour cream, and mustard, blend well; mix into potato, together with salt to taste; refrigerate. Just before serving, mix in the cucumber.

## ORANGE AND ONION SALAD

lettuce leaves  
2 oranges  
½ small onion  
pinch salt  
freshly ground black pepper  
1 tablespoon french dressing  
1 dessertspoon lemon juice

Wash lettuce, drain well; chill. Remove skin and pith from oranges. Cut oranges in very thin slices, then cut each slice into 4. Cut onion in very thin slices, and separate rings. Half fill salad bowl with lettuce torn into bite-size pieces. Add orange pieces and onion rings. Sprinkle a little salt and freshly ground black pepper over salad; chill. Just before serving, pour the french dressing and lemon juice over salad, toss lightly.

Serve this salad as a side salad. It makes an interesting change from the traditional french salad, to accompany sliced roast veal, poultry, or ham.

Continued overleaf



## ● FRANKFURTS

● Frankfurts are good food for any holiday or outdoor eating; they cook quickly, and you can serve them in any one of a dozen different ways — all good!

### BACON FRANKFURTS:

Wrap bacon rasher, with rind removed, round each frankfurt; secure with cocktail stick. Spread out on strip of aluminium foil over barbecue (or cook in frying pan) until bacon is crisp and frankfurt warmed through.

### CHEESE-STUFFED FRANKFURTS:

Split frankfurts lengthwise but not quite through; spread insides lightly with mustard. Cut strips of cheese the length of frankfurts, place 1 strip in centre of each frankfurt. Wrap frankfurt in bacon rasher, secure with cocktail stick. Grill until bacon is crisp and cheese has melted, or wrap in aluminium foil (2 frankfurts to a package), place over barbecue grill.

### GARLIC-BUTTER FRANKFURTS:

Remove crusts from bread slices. Dip each bread slice into melted garlic butter (butter melted gently with crushed garlic clove); lay frankfurt on bread, bring corners together. Fasten with cocktail-stick or pierce with toasting fork; grill.

### FRANKFURTS IN BATTER:

Dip frankfurt into batter, drop into hot oil, and cook few minutes until golden. Serve on butcher's skewers.

### FRANKFURTS IN SOUP:

Slice frankfurts, drop into freshly prepared packaged soup. Serve with salad or sandwiches as a quick and sustaining lunch or supper.



SALAD ITEMS arranged in a divided platter will carry well and look attractive. See above.





**PRAWN SALAD** makes an excellent main dish for summer lunch or entree at dinner. Serve it in a big shell for dramatic effect. Recipe below.

#### PRAWN SALAD

1lb. fresh prawns      lemon slices  
parsley sprigs

**DRESSING**  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mayonnaise      few drops wor-  
1 tablespoon      cestershire  
tomato sauce      sauce  
few drops tabasco      pinch cayenne  
sauce      salt  
1 dessertspoon dry      freshly ground  
sherry      black pepper

Shell prawns, removing heads and tails; chill.

**Dressing:** Blend mayonnaise with tomato sauce, tabasco, sherry, and worcestershire sauce. Add cayenne and salt and pepper to taste.

Arrange prawns in bowl. Garnish with parsley sprigs and lemon slices as shown above. Spoon over dressing.

#### SOUR CREAM POTATO SALAD

6 cups diced      1 cup sour cream  
cooked       $\frac{1}{2}$  cup  
potatoes      mayonnaise  
6 chopped      1 tablespoon  
shallots      vinegar  
4 sliced sticks      1 teaspoon dry  
celery      mustard  
salt and pepper       $\frac{1}{2}$  peeled diced  
4 hard-boiled      cucumber  
eggs

Combine potatoes, shallots, celery, salt and pepper. Separate whites of eggs from yolks; chop whites, add to potato mixture; chill. Mash egg-yolks, add sour cream, mayonnaise, vinegar, and mustard. Mix well; pour over potatoes. Toss lightly. Let stand 20 minutes, then top with diced cucumber. Serve at once.

#### HAWAIIAN PRAWN SALAD

1 medium      freshly ground  
pineapple      black pepper  
1 cup sliced      8oz. prawns  
celery      2 tablespoons  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped      bottled  
cucumber      thousand island  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt      salad dressing

Do not remove the green top from pineapple. Wash pineapple, cut in half lengthwise. Carefully remove flesh and core. Turn pineapple upside-down to drain; chill. Cut pineapple flesh into pieces, place in basin. Add celery, cucumber, salt and pepper. Shell and clean prawns, reserving a few for garnish. Cut remaining prawns into 2 or 3 pieces, depending on size of prawns, and add to pineapple mixture. Cover and chill. Just before serving remove both pineapple shells and mixture from refrigerator. Drain off any excess liquid from mixture and pile into pineapple shells. Mask top of each with 1 tablespoon salad dressing. Garnish with prawns.

#### ANCHOVY SALAD BOWL

1 clove garlic      1 teaspoon dry  
2oz. can anchovy      mustard  
fillets      salt and pepper  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup olive or      1 tablespoon  
salad oil      drained capers  
1 dessertspoon       $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. green beans  
tarragon      2 diced cooked  
vinegar      potatoes  
1 dessertspoon      lettuce leaves  
lemon juice      tomato wedges

Crush garlic with 2 anchovies. Add oil, vinegar, lemon juice, seasonings, and capers; let stand 1 hour. Top, tail, and string beans, cut in half; cook in

## ● SALADS—continued

boiling, salted water until just tender; drain and cool. Add beans and diced potatoes to dressing, toss, let stand at least 1 hour. Just before serving, toss again. Place in bowl lined with lettuce leaves. Garnish with tomato wedges and remaining anchovies.

#### MEXICAN SALAD

2 slices bread       $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated  
2oz. butter      carrot  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sliced      1 cup diced  
celery      cooked potato  
1 finely chopped      juice 1 lemon  
onion       $\frac{1}{2}$  cup stuffed  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  sliced green      green olives  
pepper      1 medium-sized  
1 lettuce      avocado

#### DRESSING

1-3rd cup olive or      salt and pepper  
salad oil      pinch chilli  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup wine or      powder  
cider vinegar       $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon dried  
1 crushed clove      oregano  
garlic

Cut bread into  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cubes. Saute in hot butter until golden on all sides. Drain on absorbent paper. Combine with celery, onion, green pepper, carrot, and potato. Blend together all dressing ingredients. Pour over vegetables and toss to coat evenly. Line salad bowl with lettuce leaves, heap the vegetables on top. Peel avocado, cut into slices. Sprinkle with lemon juice. Arrange on salad, garnish with halved stuffed olives.

#### CHICKEN-ALMOND SALAD

slices from 1       $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shredded  
cooked chicken      blanched  
french dressing      almonds  
1 cup sliced      lettuce leaves  
celery      few whole  
1 teaspoon grated      blanched  
onion      almonds  
mayonnaise

Moisten chicken with french dressing and let stand, covered, at least 2 hours. Combine with celery, onions, and almonds. Add just enough mayonnaise to coat mixture lightly. Place in bowl lined with lettuce leaves; scatter over whole blanched almonds. Serve at once.

#### SPINACH AND AVOCADO

1 bunch young      garlic  
spinach      salt and pepper  
1 tablespoon      1 large ripe  
lemon juice      avocado  
3 tablespoons      2 hard-boiled  
olive or salad      eggs  
oil       $\frac{1}{2}$  thinly sliced  
1 crushed clove      onion

Wash spinach thoroughly, remove white centres. Tear spinach into bite-sized pieces; chill. Combine lemon juice, oil, salt, pepper, and garlic. Place in salad bowl, add coarsely chopped boiled eggs, diced avocado, and onion. Pour over dressing and toss lightly.

#### MACARONI SUMMER SALAD

1lb. macaroni      1 teaspoon  
1 cup chopped      prepared  
celery      mustard  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mayonnaise      1 tablespoon  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup french      chopped  
dressing      parsley  
salt, pepper      extra chopped  
lettuce      parsley

Cook macaroni until tender (about 12 minutes); drain. Combine mayonnaise, dressing, mustard, parsley, celery; mix through the macaroni while still warm; season to taste. Cool, refrigerate. Fill into lettuce-lined bowl; sprinkle extra chopped parsley over.

#### TOMATO-CUCUMBER SALAD

6 tomatoes      1-3rd cup water  
1 teaspoon dried      tarragon  
basil      vinegar  
2 tablespoons      2-3rd cup oil  
finely chopped      salt, pepper  
parsley      1 teaspoon  
1 tablespoon      2 tablespoons  
chopped onion      drained capers  
4 cucumbers

Peel tomatoes, cut in halves. Core, seed, and slice. Combine cucumber, tomatoes, basil, parsley, and onion, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and sugar. Pour over cucumber slices; toss. To serve: Drain cucumber and arrange in centre of platter; sprinkle with capers. Arrange tomatoes round edge of platter.

**To serve:** Drain cucumber and arrange in centre of platter; sprinkle with capers. Arrange tomatoes round edge of platter.

#### SPINACH AND BACON SALAD

2 bunches young       $\frac{1}{2}$  finely chopped  
spinach      small onion  
3 hard-boiled       $\frac{1}{2}$  crushed clove  
eggs      garlic  
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon      1 tablespoon  
rashers      chopped  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup yoghurt      parsley  
salt and pepper

Remove white centres from spinach leaves, wash spinach carefully, and tear into bite-sized pieces. Place in salad bowl, add chopped eggs. Remove rind from bacon, dice bacon, and fry slowly until crisp; drain and cool. Add to spinach mixture. Blend yoghurt with onion, parsley, salt and pepper. Pour over salad; toss lightly.

## ● CHILLED SOUPS FOR SUMMER

A well-flavored, chilled soup is a good start to a summer meal. It awakens appetite for the main dish to follow. Packaged soup mix is a sensible short-cut.

#### CREAM OF BROCCOLI SOUP

1 medium onion      2 cups cooked  
1 carrot      broccoli  
1 stick celery      salt, pepper  
1 clove garlic       $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chicken  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup boiling      stock  
water       $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cream

Slice onion, carrot, and celery. Put into saucepan with the boiling water; cover, simmer 10 minutes. Puree mixture with coarsely chopped broccoli and garlic in electric blender or rub through sieve; beat in stock and cream; season. Chill thoroughly. If desired, top each serving with a spoonful of sour cream.

#### JELLIED BOUILLON

2 cups tomato      1 bayleaf  
juice      1 dessertspoon  
1 chopped onion      gelatine  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped       $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold  
celery      water  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon      1 dessertspoon  
celery seed (if      lemon juice  
desired)      few drops  
1 cup canned      tabasco  
consomme      lemon wedges

Combine tomato juice, onion, celery, celery seed (if used), consomme, and bayleaf in saucepan. Bring to boil, cook over low heat 10 minutes; strain. Soften gelatine in the cold water; add to hot tomato

mixture, stirring until gelatine is dissolved. Add lemon juice and tabasco; mix well. Chill until firm. At serving time break up jelly with fork, pile into chilled bowls. Serve with lemon wedges.

#### CHICKEN AND ASPARAGUS SOUP

1 packet      1 cup cold  
chicken noodle      water  
soup      10oz. can  
1 pint boiling      asparagus tips  
water

Empty contents of soup package into the boiling water, stir, then cook 15 minutes. Add cold water, chopped asparagus, and asparagus liquid from can. Cool, then refrigerate to chill. Stir well before serving.

#### SPANISH SUMMER SOUP

1 packet chicken      (peeled and  
noodle soup      diced)  
1 pint boiling       $\frac{1}{2}$  cups tomato  
water      juice  
1 small      parsley  
cucumber

Add contents of soup package to boiling water, stir well. Cook 10 minutes. Add cucumber; cook 5 minutes. Mix in tomato juice. Remove from heat, cool, then refrigerate. Stir well before serving. Sprinkle each serving with finely chopped parsley.





## Wow! Crunchy American Coleslaw



### DRESS IT JUST RIGHT WITH KRAFT 'COLESLAW'

KRAFT Coleslaw Dressing is the secret of this exciting salad. Tart-sweet and creamy, it gives a marvellous taste to crisp, crunchy Coleslaw. Try American Pineapple Coleslaw tonight with cold meat, grilled steak or chops. *American Pineapple Coleslaw:* Just shred cabbage finely, wash and drain well, chill. Combine pineapple wedges, diced apple, walnut halves and the shredded cabbage in a salad bowl. Toss with KRAFT Coleslaw Dressing just before serving.

#### FREE RECIPES!

For more glamorous salad ideas, write for your free copy of "The KRAFT International Salad Collection" to: Kraft Foods Limited, Dept. D, Box 5065, G.P.O. Melbourne, Vic.



\*Reg'd. Trade Mark. KRAFT

From the **KRAFT** International Salad Collection



# ● CAMPING

If you're planning to camp only for a few days you'll be able to take from home the food for the first day's meals already prepared and cooked. But if you're going on a longer camping holiday you'll find the following ideas helpful.

Bread can often be bought at the camping spot; however, the new plastic wrapping now available will keep bread in fresh condition for several days.

If you're camping at a spot where it is difficult to obtain fresh bread, you'll find below a good recipe for bread made without yeast, and an unusual recipe for bread rolls, also without yeast, which are delicious.

If there is no oven available, try baking damper in the ashes of the campfire. Or serve crumpets, pufaloons, etc. — all of which can be cooked in a frying pan; recipes for them are given.

Packaged savory biscuits or crispbreads are always a good stand-by to serve with any meal. You can use them to make easy sandwiches with fillings of cheese, tomato, etc.

Milk can often be bought fresh each day; but have condensed, powdered, or evaporated milk on hand. Apart from use in tea or coffee, these can be used to make desserts (see junket, page 13).

Packet soups take up little space and have a variety of uses. Serve as a hot soup, followed by toasted sandwiches; use them as easy sauces; to add extra flavor to canned meats, stews, etc.

Dried peas or beans — haricot, lima, etc. — can be soaked overnight, cooked, and added to heated canned meats to make a few cans go a long way.

Rice, spaghetti, and macaroni carry well and keep well. Use any of the packaged sauce mixes as a topping, or use a can of braised steak and onions as a delicious sauce over bowls of hot spaghetti.

Serve fluffy rice as an accompaniment to cans of Irish stew, etc. Or mix a drained can of salmon and some well-seasoned white sauce through rice to make a tasty kedgerree; add a little lemon juice for flavor.

Canned vegetables — corn, peas, asparagus, beetroot, etc. — are colorful, good-tasting, and nutritious.

Packaged instant mashed potato can be prepared in minutes. Serve it as a vegetable, but use it also to top a savory unbaked casserole. Canned salmon, mixed with a well-seasoned white sauce, with some chopped parsley added, can be topped by prepared instant mashed potato to make a substantial family meal.

## GOLDEN BREAD ROLLS

2oz. butter	3 cups self-
1 tablespoon	raising flour
sugar	1½ cups milk
½ teaspoon salt	extra butter
1 egg	

Cream butter with sugar, add egg, beat well; mix in milk. Add sifted flour and salt, turn out on lightly floured board, knead very well for 5 minutes; this is important. Press out flat; cut with round cutter. Arrange on lightly greased baking sheets, bake in moderately hot oven 20 minutes. While still hot from the oven, brush over top of each roll with a knob of butter to give golden, shiny surface.

## DAMPER

1½lb. plain flour	bicarb. soda
1 teaspoon salt	water to mix
2 teaspoons cream	(approx. 1½
of tartar	cups)
1 teaspoon	

Sift dry ingredients, add just enough milk or water to mix to a stiff dough. Knead lightly, bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes.

Damper can also be cooked in the hot ashes of the campfire. Flour outside of damper well and drop into the hot white ashes, cover it with hot ashes and let it bake.

Or put damper into well-greased frying pan, cover with heatproof plate. Bury pan well into the ashes, heap ashes over the plate.

## EASY BREAD

4 cups plain flour	½ cup cooked,
6 teaspoons	well-mashed
baking powder	potato
1 teaspoon salt	milk and water
1 teaspoon sugar	

Sift together flour, salt, baking powder, add sugar, rub in cold mashed potato. Add sufficient liquid (approximately ½ pint of combined milk and water) to make soft dough. Turn on to lightly floured surface, knead until smooth, using additional flour. Grease 9 x 5 in. loaf tin, put in dough, pressing it into the corners to ensure even shape. Glaze top with melted butter, then with a little milk. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour. When cooked, turn out, wrap in teatowel to cool slowly. Allow to cool completely before cutting.

## AMERICAN GRIDDLE CAKES

1 cup self-raising	1 egg
flour	1 tablespoon
4½ tablespoons	sugar
powdered milk	1 tablespoon
2½ teaspoons	melted butter
baking powder	½ pint water
¼ teaspoon salt	

Sift together the flour, milk, baking powder, and salt; add sugar. Beat egg lightly, add water and melted butter. Beat liquid into flour mixture until smooth. Heat frying pan or griddle. Grease, and pour in ½ cup batter. Cook until bubbly and browned at edges. Turn and cook on other side. Serve warm, buttered or with honey.

Makes 6 large or 12 small Griddle Cakes.

## CRUMPETS

2 cups plain	pinch salt
flour	2 teaspoons sugar
2 teaspoons	1 cup milk
baking powder	2 egg-whites

Sift dry ingredients into basin, mix to soft batter with milk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites; let stand 10 minutes. Drop dessertspoonsful on to greased heated frying pan. When top becomes honeycombed, turn, cook on other side. Toast as usual, and butter while hot.

## PUFALOONS

1 cup self-	pinch salt
raising flour	about 4oz. milk

Sift flour with salt, add just enough milk to mix to soft dough. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly; press out about ½ in. thick. Cut with small round cutter. Drop into hot fat or oil (or bacon drippings) in frying pan, cook gently until golden on one side, then turn, cook other side. Drain well, serve hot.

If camping is part of your holiday plan, food will be a major consideration — for there's nothing like fresh air and the holiday spirit to encourage already hearty young appetites.



A MEAL IN THE BUSH—and food never tasted so good! Eggs, bacon, fried bread, tomatoes, and American Griddle Cakes are cooking. See left.



# ● SAILING

Whether it's spent aboard a rowing boat or sailing in a yacht, a day on the water is a wonderful outing. And easy-to-eat foods will be appreciated by all on board.

If there are no cooking facilities on the boat, you might like to take along some hot soup in a vacuum flask. Follow it with small cold roasted chicken halves, assorted cold meats, or any of the other tasty foods given below.

Serve a favorite salad and bread rolls with the meat, then cheese and biscuits and fresh fruit to complete a satisfying meal.

For drinks, canned soft drinks are easy to pack and carry.

The cooked dishes for which recipes are given below can be prepared the day beforehand, allowed to cool completely, then packed and refrigerated — all ready for the next day.

## DEVILLED CHICKEN

- |                                 |                                     |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 6 chicken legs or thighs        | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon curry powder |
| melted butter                   | pinch cayenne                       |
| salt and pepper                 | 1 dessertspoon vinegar              |
| 1 dessertspoon prepared mustard | 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce         |

Place chicken joints in grill pan (with rack removed). Brush generously with melted butter, season lightly with salt and pepper. Place under fairly low grill, brush occasionally with melted butter, turning joints from time to time.

Blend 1oz. melted butter with curry powder, stir in remaining ingredients. Brush generously over chicken joints about 10 minutes before end of cooking time. When chicken is tender, drain on absorbent paper.

## CRAB CROQUETTES

- |                                      |                      |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cans crabmeat    | salt and pepper      |
| 2 cups fresh breadcrumbs             | flour                |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pint thick white sauce | 1 beaten egg         |
|                                      | browned bread-crumbs |
|                                      | oil for deep frying  |

Drain crabmeat, if necessary, and flake the flesh. Combine with fresh breadcrumbs, sauce, and seasoning to taste. Form into rolls about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long. Roll in flour, dip in beaten egg, and coat with browned breadcrumbs. Fry in deep oil until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper.

## PORKBURGERS

- |                                    |                     |
|------------------------------------|---------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced ham       | 1 egg-yolk          |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sausage meat     | flour               |
| 1 small grated onion               | 1 beaten egg        |
| salt and pepper                    | browned             |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed herbs | breadcrumbs         |
|                                    | oil for deep frying |

Combine ham, sausage meat, onion, seasoning, and herbs; bind with egg-yolk.

Using wet hands, form into eight flat rounds. Coat with flour, dip in beaten egg, coat with breadcrumbs. Deep-fry in hot oil about 7 minutes. Drain on absorbent paper.

## SALMON FISHCAKES

- |                              |                    |
|------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1lb. mashed potato           | salt and pepper    |
| 16oz. can salmon             | flour              |
| 2 eggs                       | 1 extra beaten egg |
| 1 tablespoon chopped parsley | browned            |
|                              | breadcrumbs        |
|                              | oil for frying     |

Drain fish, remove and discard skin and bone. Flake fish, combine with mashed potato. Add 2 beaten eggs, seasoning to taste, and parsley. Form into 16

flat cakes. Coat with flour, dip in extra beaten egg and coat with breadcrumbs. Fry in hot oil until golden on one side, turn and brown second side. Drain on absorbent paper.

## CHICKEN-VEAL CROQUETTES

- |  |                      |
|--|----------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. diced cooked veal    | salt and pepper      |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. diced cooked chicken | worcestershire sauce |
| 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter             | 1 beaten egg         |
| 1oz. plain flour                       | browned              |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pint chicken stock       | breadcrumbs          |
|  | oil for deep frying  |

Melt butter in saucepan, stir in the flour off the heat, then cook roux a few minutes, stirring constantly, until mixture looks bubbly. Gradually blend in stock off the heat. Return and stir until mixture boils, simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Add salt, pepper, and worcestershire sauce to taste. Add chicken and veal to sauce. When mixture is cold, form into cylinder shapes about 3in. long, using wet hands. Dip in beaten egg, then roll in breadcrumbs. Deep-fry in hot oil. Remove when golden and drain on absorbent paper.

## PICNIC ROLLS

- |                       |   |
|-----------------------|---|
| 6 crusty rolls        | 6 slices roast beef, turkey, or chicken |
| butter                | salt and pepper                         |
| 6 slices salami       | cucumber slices                         |
| 6 slices ham          | mayonnaise                              |
| 6 slices tomato       |   |
| 6 slices swiss cheese |   |

Cut rolls in half, remove soft centres. Spread inside of crusts with butter. In the bottom half of each roll arrange a slice each of salami, ham, tomato, cheese, and beef, turkey, or chicken. Season sparingly between the layers, adding a few cucumber slices as well. Top with a little mayonnaise and remaining half of roll.

## KIDNEY BEAN SALAD

- |                               |                                   |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 2 10oz. cans red kidney beans | shallots                          |
| 1 cup sliced celery           | 1 tablespoon chopped parsley      |
| 3 chopped                     | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup french dressing |

Drain beans and combine with celery, shallots, and parsley. Add french dressing, and toss until evenly coated.

Note: This salad is equally as good made with lima beans. Soak  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dried beans overnight in cold water to cover. Next day, drain and place in saucepan with cold water. Bring slowly to the boil and cook gently, covered, until tender (about 2 to 3 hours); drain. Prepare salad as given in method above.

## RICE AND TOMATO SALAD

- |                                      |                              |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. long-grain rice    | vinegar                      |
| boiling salted water                 | 6 large ripe tomatoes        |
| salt and pepper                      | 1 tablespoon chopped chives  |
| grated nutmeg                        | 1 tablespoon chopped parsley |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup olive or salad oil | 1 green pepper               |
| 1 tablespoon                         |                              |

Wash rice and cook in boiling, salted water until just tender; drain and allow to become quite cold.

Peel and chop tomatoes roughly. Remove seeds and pith from green pepper, cut pepper into thin strips. Add to rice with chopped herbs. Combine oil and vinegar and pour over rice, tossing until well blended. Season to taste with salt, pepper, and nutmeg.

A MEAL ON THE DECK requires plenty of easy-to-carry food. Chicken with salad, cheese, and biscuits is ideal. See recipes at right.





## A cool summer meal needs hot soup

# **Continental** chicken noodle soup

BRAND

By serving delicious Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup with a cool salad, you add *extra flavour, extra goodness* to a summer meal. You serve a summer meal that is light but oh, so tasty and satisfying. Satisfying even to the heartiest appetites.

And here are five delicious new soup recipes made with Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup.

**GOULASH SOUP.** Fry  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. mince steak and 1 chopped onion in saucepan for 3 minutes. Drain off excess fat. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped capsicum 1 dessertspoon paprika. Add 4 cups water, when boiling empty in 1 pkt. Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup, cook 10 min.

**CHILLI SOUP.** Prepare 1 packet Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup as directed. Add contents 10 oz. can Chilli Con Carne and cook 5 minutes.

**PARMESAN SOUP.** Prepare 1 packet Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup with only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  cups water, cook 5 minutes. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup (2 oz.) grated parmesan cheese and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk blended with 1 level tablespoon cornflour. Reheat, serve with paprika sprinkled on top.

**CHICKEN HOTCH-POTCH.** Prepare 1 packet Continental brand Chicken Noodle as directed with only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  cups water. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup tomato juice or puree, 1 cup chopped cold cooked meat or poultry and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup frozen peas. Cook 5 minutes.

**SPECIALTY SOUP.** Skin and bone  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. chicken pieces; cut into small pieces. Fry chicken and 2 oz. chopped bacon in 1 oz. margarine until brown. Add 4 cups water, cook 5 min. Add 1 pkt. Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup, cook 5 min. Serve soup with spoonful fresh cream and chopped chives if desired.

Twenty more exciting recipes in Continental's new summer recipe leaflet. Free at your store now!





# ● PICNICS . . . . in the bush

● Fresh air in the bush or at the beach will sharpen even reluctant appetites, so take picnic food that is really satisfying.

FOR the bush picnic, we give recipes for main dishes which can be cooked the day before and carried easily.

## SAVORY LUNCHEON SLICE

8oz. shortcrust pastry  
1lb. sausage meat  
1 chopped rasher bacon  
1 chopped medium onion  
1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce  
1 tablespoon tomato sauce  
2 cups cooked rice  
½ cup fruit chutney  
2 thinly sliced tomatoes  
salt and pepper  
milk for glazing

Mix together sausage meat, bacon, and onion. Add tomato and worcestershire sauces. Add rice, season well.

Roll out 2-3rd of pastry and use to line lightly greased lamington tin. Place half meat mixture on base, spread evenly over pastry. Spread over the fruit chutney, cover with sliced tomatoes; season. Cover with remaining meat mixture. Roll remaining pastry to form lid. Wet edges, place on top of pie. Trim and seal, glaze with milk. Bake in hot oven approximately 45 minutes.

TWO PICNIC DISHES you can make beforehand are Chicken Cream Pie (left, below) and Savory Luncheon Slice (in dish and on plate at right, below). See recipes.



## CHICKEN CREAM PIE

1 tablespoon oil  
1 small onion  
1 small grated potato  
1 tablespoon cornflour  
½ pint chicken stock  
8oz. diced cooked chicken  
4oz. can mushrooms  
little lemon juice  
salt, pepper  
1 egg  
2 tablespoons cream  
8oz. shortcrust pastry

Saute peeled and chopped onion, and grated potato in heated oil. Add cornflour, cook a few minutes. Remove from heat, add chicken stock. Return to heat, stir until mixture thickens. Add chicken, mushrooms, lemon juice, and seasoning. Mix beaten egg with cream, add to chicken mixture.

Roll out 2-3rd of pastry, line 8in. sandwich tin. Fill with cooled chicken mixture. Wet pastry edges, cover with remaining pastry rolled to size. Trim and seal edges. Glaze top with little milk. Slit top to allow steam to escape. Bake in hot oven approximately 30 minutes, until pastry is golden and crisp.

# . . . . and at the beach

THERE'S no better place than the beach for a carefree, summer picnic. Keep the food simple, light in weight so that it is easy to carry.

## SANDWICHES OR ROLLS

Sandwiches or rolls can be prepared completely before leaving home, cut and packaged. Wrap them in the new plastic wrapping sheets or aluminium foil, pack them in a polythene container and they'll remain beautifully fresh. They can be kept in the polythene container on the beach, to keep them free from sand.

Or you can take along the buttered bread or rolls, together with an assortment of fillings in tight-lidded containers, and let the family make their own sandwiches or filled rolls to their liking.

Continental sausages make a good filling for sandwiches or rolls — try salami or the thin cabanossi; just slice and fill between buttered bread slices or rolls. Add tomato slices, lettuce, cucumber, or dill pickle slices.

If using canned fish as sandwich filling, it is a better idea to take along the unopened can and open it when required. Thus you will be sure it has not been affected by the hot weather on the journey. Don't forget the can-opener!

## FILLINGS

**Devilled Ham:** 1 can devilled ham, little finely chopped celery and green pepper, bottled horseradish sauce. Combine all ingredients well, adding horseradish sauce to taste.

**Liverwurst:** 4oz. liverwurst, 2oz. cream cheese, french dressing, finely chopped olives.

Blend together liverwurst and softened cream cheese, blend in a little french dressing; add chopped olives.

**Cheese and Nut:** Combine 1 cup grated cheddar cheese and ½ cup chopped walnuts. Add sufficient mayonnaise to moisten.

**Savory Salmon:** Drain 8oz. can salmon, discarding skin and bone. Flake fish, add 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon french dressing, ½ cup finely sliced celery, and seasoning to taste.

**Spiced Ham:** Combine 1 cup minced ham, 1-3rd cup finely chopped pickles or chutney, 1 tablespoon each grated onion and chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, and ½ teaspoon dry mustard. Season to taste with salt and pepper, add sufficient mayonnaise to moisten.

**Devilled Tuna:** Flake fish from small can tuna. Blend with oil from can, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 dessertspoon orange juice, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice. Add ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon mustard, good pinch curry powder, and ½ cup mayonnaise. Mix well.

**Peanut Butter and Raisins:** Combine 1 cup finely sliced celery, ½ cup each chopped raisins, finely diced green pepper, and peanut butter. Add sufficient mayonnaise to bind mixture. Season to taste with salt.

**Chicken and Nut:** Combine 1 cup finely chopped cooked chicken and ½ cup chopped walnuts. Add 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, sufficient mayonnaise to moisten, and salt and pepper to taste.

## DEVILLED EGGS

6 hard-boiled eggs  
½ cup mayonnaise  
salt, pepper  
1 teaspoon vinegar  
1 teaspoon prepared mustard

Shell eggs and halve lengthwise. Remove egg-yolks, mash and combine with remaining ingredients. Refill egg-whites with the devilled mixture. (For a neater filling, use a piping bag to pipe mixture into centres.)

## SCOTCH EGGS

6 hard-boiled eggs  
4oz. sausage meat  
salt, pepper  
1 beaten egg  
breadcrumbs  
oil for frying

Shell eggs, dry well, roll in flour. Season sausage meat with salt and pepper, surround eggs with thin, even layer of meat, forming them into ball-shapes. Coat well in beaten egg, then breadcrumbs. Fry in deep hot oil 8 to 10 minutes or until golden.

## CRUMBED SAUSAGES

sausages  
water  
flour  
beaten egg  
breadcrumbs  
oil for frying

Put sausages into pan, cover well with cold water, bring slowly to boil, simmer 5 minutes. Remove from pan, remove sausage skins while sausages are still hot (skins are much easier to remove then). Pat sausages dry; roll in flour, then beaten egg and breadcrumbs. Refrigerate 30 minutes or more to firm coating. Fry in deep hot oil until well browned and crisp; drain well.

## MELON WITH HAM

honeydew or rockmelon  
thin slices of ham

Carry melons whole to the picnic, cut into wedges, and discard seeds. Arrange 1 or 2 wedges, according to size, on each plate; arrange over each 1 or 2 slices of ham. (Thinly sliced smoked ham is obtainable at some delicatessens and is delicious with melon.)

## PICNIC FRUIT SALAD

3 bananas  
1 small pineapple  
½ papaw  
3 passionfruit  
2 peaches  
2 apples  
½lb. seedless grapes  
3 oranges  
½ cup sugar  
1 cup water  
juice 1 lemon

Peel and slice bananas, sprinkle with a little of the lemon juice. Peel and dice pineapple, removing central hard core. Peel and dice papaw. Halve passionfruit, extract pulp. Peel and dice peaches, removing stones. Peel, core, and finely chop apples. Wash grapes, remove stems. Peel oranges, removing skin, pith, and outer membrane of segments. Using sharp knife, cut in toward centre of oranges, extracting segments without any membrane and discarding any pips. Place all fruit in a plastic, airtight container.

Place sugar, water, and remaining lemon juice in small saucepan and stir over gentle heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to boil and cook until a thin syrup forms; cool. Pour over fruit.

## EGG AND BACON TART

**CHEESE PASTRY**  
5oz. plain flour  
1oz. very finely grated cheese  
pinch cayenne  
water to mix  
2½oz. butter or substitute  
pinch salt  
pinch dry mustard

**FILLING**  
2 eggs  
3oz. chopped bacon  
3oz. grated cheddar cheese  
½ teaspoon dry mustard  
1 small can evaporated milk (½ pint)  
salt, pepper

**Pastry:** Sift flour, salt, mustard, and cayenne into bowl. Rub in butter or substitute, add grated cheese. Mix with enough cold water to make firm, soft dough. Roll pastry out on lightly floured board, line lightly greased 8in. sandwich tin. Use a little white from an egg to brush over base of pastry case. Place in hot oven 5 minutes.

**Filling:** Beat eggs lightly, add to remaining ingredients; stir well. Pour into prepared pastry case. Bake in moderately hot oven approximately 30 minutes, or until pastry is crisp and filling set.

## QUICK SAUSAGE ROLLS

12 slices fresh bread  
butter  
tomato sauce and/or chutney  
12 sausages  
melted butter

Cut crusts off bread; roll out bread slices with rolling pin to make pliable. Spread with butter and tomato sauce or chutney. Cook sausages in boiling water 5 minutes, allow to cool slightly, then skin. Place sausage on each slice of bread, roll up, and place on well-greased baking tray. Secure with cocktail sticks if necessary. Brush liberally with melted butter. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes or until crisp and golden.





indoors...

...outdoors

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SALAD**



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and taste  
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# ● DESSERTS

Tangy fruit flavors, fresh or canned, form the basis of most of these light, easy-to-make summer desserts. Serve them thoroughly chilled.

**ICE-CREAM** is probably the most popular summer dessert. Serve it plain or topped with one of the many ready-made sauces available on the market. For a change try the new vanilla or chocolate-filled sponge rolls.

Although vanilla ice-cream will always be top favorite, surprise your family with some of the differently flavored varieties recently introduced.

## PINEAPPLE MIST PIE

### CRUST

- |                               |                            |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 3 cups cornflakes             | 1 dessertspoon             |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar | butter or substitute       |
| 3 tablespoons honey           | 2 tablespoons orange juice |

### FILLING

- |                               |                               |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 large can crushed pineapple | 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind  |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice | 1 tablespoon gelatine         |
| 3 egg-yolks                   | 3 egg-whites                  |
| 3 tablespoons sugar           | extra $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water  | yellow food coloring          |

**Crust:** Place cornflakes in basin. Place remaining ingredients in saucepan. Stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Boil rapidly until a little syrup dropped in cold water forms a soft ball. Pour over cornflakes, mix lightly through with fork. Press round sides and base of lightly greased 9in. pie plate. Allow to set while preparing filling.

**Filling:** Place lemon juice and rind, egg-yolks, and sugar into top of double boiler. Cook over gently boiling water until mixture has thickened; stir constantly. Add gelatine, which has been softened in the cold water. Stir until dissolved. Set aside to cool until semi-set.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add extra sugar, a little at a time, to make meringue consistency. Fold 1 cup drained pineapple and the cooked egg mixture into meringue, add few drops of yellow food coloring; stir well together. Fill into prepared crust; allow to chill.

Use remaining crushed pineapple to encircle top of pie.

## QUICK CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

- |                                    |                          |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 packet instant chocolate pudding | $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk |
|                                    | 2oz. brandy              |

Pour milk into bowl, mix in brandy; sprinkle over the chocolate pudding mix. Beat until well blended. Pour into serving bowl or individual dishes, refrigerate until set.

For a richer mousse, substitute  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cream for  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of the milk.

## SNOW CUPS

- |             |                  |
|-------------|------------------|
| crushed ice | flavored cordial |
|-------------|------------------|

Spoon crushed ice into drinking cups. Pour over undiluted flavored fruit cordial to taste. (The cordial becomes diluted as it is absorbed into the ice.)

## AMERICAN BANANA SPLIT

- |                              |                 |
|------------------------------|-----------------|
| 6 bananas                    | ice-cream       |
| lemon juice                  | chocolate syrup |
| 1 small can pineapple pieces | chopped nuts    |
|                              | wafer biscuits  |

Peel bananas, cut in half lengthwise, then across; dip in lemon juice to keep their fresh color.

Place several large scoops of ice-cream in centre of each serving dish, arrange 2 pieces of banana at each end of dish; add a few pineapple pieces. Pour over a little bottled chocolate syrup, sprinkle with chopped nuts. Serve with wafer biscuits.

## FRUIT WITH JUNKET

- |                               |                               |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 3oz. full cream powdered milk | hot water                     |
| 2oz. sugar                    | 2 junket tablets              |
| 1 teaspoon vanilla            | 1 tablespoon extra cold water |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water  |                               |

Combine powdered milk, sugar, and vanilla; blend to a smooth paste with cold water. Add sufficient hot water to make 1 pint of mixture; cool, if necessary, to lukewarm. Dissolve junket tablets in extra cold water, add the milk mixture. Pour into serving dish or individual dishes, put aside until set.

Serve with any canned fruit, and spoon a little of syrup from can over junket. Or serve junket plain, sprinkled with nutmeg or cinnamon.

## PINEAPPLE RUM CREAM

- |                                      |                          |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 3 slices pineapple (canned or fresh) | 4 egg-yolks              |
| 4 bananas                            | $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream |
| 2oz. desiccated coconut              | 1 tablespoon gelatine    |
| 3 tablespoons rum                    | 1 tablespoon brown sugar |
| 4oz. castor sugar                    | $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk  |

Cut pineapple into small squares; peel bananas, slice thinly. Put pineapple and

bananas into bowl, add the rum and brown sugar; turn fruit occasionally so they are well soaked with the mixture.

Soften gelatine in a little cold water, dissolve over hot water. Beat egg-yolks with castor sugar, add milk, strain into top of double saucepan. Cook, stirring constantly, over low heat until mixture thickens sufficiently to coat back of wooden spoon; do not allow to boil. Add gelatine, stir well, strain into large bowl. Put aside to cool, stirring occasionally. When mixture begins to thicken and set slightly, fold in whipped cream, coconut, and the fruit mixture. Pour into serving dish, refrigerate until set.

## LEMON JELLY CHEESECAKE

### CRUMB CRUST

- |                           |   |
|---------------------------|---|
| 8oz. plain sweet biscuits | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg or cinnamon |
| 4oz. butter or substitute |   |

### FILLING

- |                                   |  |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| 8oz. cream cheese                 | $\frac{1}{2}$ packet (2oz.) lemon jelly crystals |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk |  |
| 2oz. lemon juice                  | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water                  |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar           |  |

Crush biscuits to fine crumbs, mix with melted butter and nutmeg; blend well. Press mixture firmly round base

and sides of 7in. springform pan. Chill while preparing filling.

Dissolve jelly crystals and sugar in boiling water, add lemon juice; cool slightly. Push cream cheese through sieve, then beat until soft. Gradually beat in jelly mixture. Beat well-chilled evaporated milk until thick; fold in jelly mixture. Pour into prepared crumb crust. Chill several hours. Serve topped with whipped cream.

## CHARLOTTE LOUISE

- |                           |                          |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 18 sponge fingers         | 4oz. ground almonds      |
| 4oz. plain dark chocolate | 2oz. castor sugar        |
| 4oz. unsalted butter      | $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream |
|                           | 1 teaspoon vanilla       |

Cut round of greaseproof paper to fit base of 6in. round cake tin, grease lightly. Arrange sponge fingers neatly around side.

Cream butter until very soft, add the melted, cooled chocolate, sugar, vanilla, and ground almonds; mix together well. Fold in the lightly whipped cream. Spoon into cake tin, being careful not to disturb placement of sponge fingers. Tap tin lightly to settle mixture, then smooth top. Refrigerate 4 to 5 hours. Unmould carefully, remove paper. Serve with whipped cream.



SNOW CUPS are tall summer coolers of crushed ice flavored with fruit cordial—adults as well as children will love them. See below.



FRESH TANG of pineapple flavors this summer dessert; it needs no baking. See Pineapple Mist Pie recipe above.





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# EASY CAKES

• A selection of easy-to-make cakes that will pack well into the picnic hamper is given below. They're not only for picnics — make some for the family at any time.

**INGREDIENTS** for these cakes are simple, too, and most housewives will have them in their store cupboard, so the cakes can be whipped up easily.

## FRUIT GINGERBREAD

1lb. plain flour  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
4 teaspoons baking powder  
6 teaspoons ground ginger  
1 teaspoon bicarb. soda  
8oz. brown sugar  
6oz. butter or substitute  
1 cup treacle  
1/2 pint milk  
1 egg  
8oz. sultanas or mixed fruit

Sift into basin the flour, salt, ginger, baking powder, and bicarbonate of soda. Place treacle, butter, and brown sugar into saucepan. Stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. (Do not overheat.) Cool; add to dry ingredients, stirring well. Add lightly beaten egg, milk, and sultanas. Stir well together. Turn into greased and paper-lined 10in. square cake tin. Bake in moderately hot oven approximately 1 hour. Cool in tin 10 minutes before turning out on to cake cooler.

## MOCHA CAKE

2 cups plain flour  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
1 teaspoon bicarb. soda  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/2 cup cocoa  
1 1/2 cups sugar  
1/2 cup white vegetable shortening  
2-3rd cup buttermilk or sour milk  
1/2 cup cooled strong coffee  
2 eggs  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt vegetable shortening, allow to cool. Sift together flour, baking powder, bicarbonate of soda, salt, cinnamon, cocoa, add sugar. Add melted vegetable shortening, 1-3rd cup buttermilk or sour milk, and coffee. Beat 2 minutes until batter is well blended and glossy. Add remainder of buttermilk or sour milk, eggs, and vanilla; beat further 2 minutes. Spoon mixture into well-greased 8in. square tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour 20 minutes. Allow to cool before turning out of tin.

## CHOCOLATE CAKE

8oz. self-raising flour  
3 tablespoons cocoa  
4oz. butter or substitute  
6oz. sugar  
1/2 cup milk  
2 eggs  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt butter, cool. Place remaining ingredients in bowl. Pour over cooled butter, beat well 3 minutes. Turn mixture into well-greased 9 x 5in. loaf tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 60 to 70 minutes. Turn out on wire rack to cool. When cool, ice with glaze icing, sprinkle lightly with coconut.

## GLAZE ICING

6oz. sifted icing sugar  
1 teaspoon butter  
approx. 1 tablespoon cold water  
few drops vanilla

Place icing sugar into saucepan. Add butter, water, and vanilla. Mix to smooth paste, adding a little more water if necessary. Cook, stirring, over low heat 2 minutes. Leave a few minutes before spreading evenly on top of cake.



THREE CAKES for the picnic hamper—Chocolate Cake, Marble Cake, and Fruit Gingerbread. They are easy to make. Recipes on this page.

## RAISIN ORANGE SPICE LOAF

2 cups self-raising flour  
1 teaspoon mixed spice  
pinch salt  
4oz. castor sugar  
4oz. softened butter  
2 eggs  
4 tablespoons orange juice  
grated rind 1 orange  
4oz. chopped raisins

Sift into bowl the flour, spice, salt, add sugar. Add all remaining ingredients except raisins; beat on moderate speed of electric mixer 4 minutes. Add raisins, mix thoroughly. Spoon into well-buttered 9 x 5in. loaf tin, bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour. When cool, slice, and serve buttered.

## ROCK CAKES

6oz. butter or substitute  
8oz. sugar  
3 eggs  
6oz. mixed fruit  
1lb. self-raising flour  
extra sugar

Sift flour, rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add sugar, beaten eggs, and fruit. Mix well to form a fairly stiff dough. Drop by dessertspoonfuls on to greased baking trays. Sprinkle tops lightly with extra sugar. Bake in hot oven approximately 10 to 15 minutes or until golden brown.

## DATE AND NUT LOAF

1 cup chopped dates  
1/2 cup sugar  
1/2 cup chopped nuts  
1 tablespoon butter or substitute  
1 teaspoon bicarb. soda  
pinch salt  
1 cup boiling water  
6oz. self-raising flour

Place dates, sugar, nuts, butter or substitute, bicarbonate, and salt into basin. Add boiling water, allow to stand until mixture is cool. Add sifted flour and mix well. Pour into greased 8 x 4in. loaf tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serve sliced with butter.

## SUGAR-AND-SPICE LOAF

3 cups self-raising flour  
1 tablespoon butter  
1/2 cup sugar  
1 egg  
1 cup milk  
4oz. chopped nuts

## TOPPING

2 tablespoons sugar  
1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon  
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg  
Sift flour into basin, add sugar, rub in butter. Add beaten egg, milk, and nuts; mix well. Fill into greased 8 x 4in. loaf tin, sprinkle with combined topping ingredients. Bake in moderate oven 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Serve sliced and buttered.

## BOILED FRUIT CAKE

1 cup sugar  
1 cup water  
8oz. chopped seedless raisins  
8oz. sultanas  
2oz. mixed peel  
4oz. butter or substitute  
1/2 cup chopped mixed nuts  
2oz. glace cherries  
1 beaten egg  
2 cups plain flour  
1/2 teaspoon mixed spice  
1 teaspoon bicarb. soda

Place sugar, water, raisins, sultanas, mixed peel, and butter in saucepan, melt butter, simmer 5 minutes. Allow to cool.

Add nuts and cherries to cooled fruit mixture, beat in egg, sift in flour and mixed spice and lastly bicarbonate of soda; mix together thoroughly. Pour into greased and lined 8in. square cake tin. Bake in slow oven 2 hours or until skewer, inserted in centre, comes out clean. Allow to cool in tin.

## MARBLE CAKE

4oz. butter or substitute  
1 1/2 cups sugar  
2 large eggs  
3 cups plain flour  
4 teaspoons baking powder  
pinch salt  
1 cup milk  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 tablespoon cocoa  
little extra milk  
pink food coloring

## CHOCOLATE ICING

1oz. butter or substitute  
1 tablespoon cocoa  
1/2 cup cream  
1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar  
1/2 teaspoon vanilla  
1 cup sifted icing sugar

Cream butter, add sugar and 1 egg; beat until light and fluffy. Add remaining egg; beat well. Sift together dry ingredients, add alternately with milk to creamed mixture; add vanilla. Divide mixture equally into 3 portions. To one add the sifted cocoa and approximately 1 tablespoon milk. Color second portion with pink food coloring. Leave last portion plain. Arrange large spoonfuls of the mixtures in alternating portions in greased 8in. square cake tin. Cut mixture through 2 or 3 times from side to side with knife to form marbling. Bake in moderately slow oven approximately 1 hour. Cover with chocolate icing when cold.

Icing: Place in saucepan cocoa, butter, cream, and brown sugar. Bring up to the boil, stirring constantly, until sugar dissolves; cool slightly. Add vanilla, and enough icing sugar to make a spreading consistency. Cover top of cake evenly with icing. Leave to set.

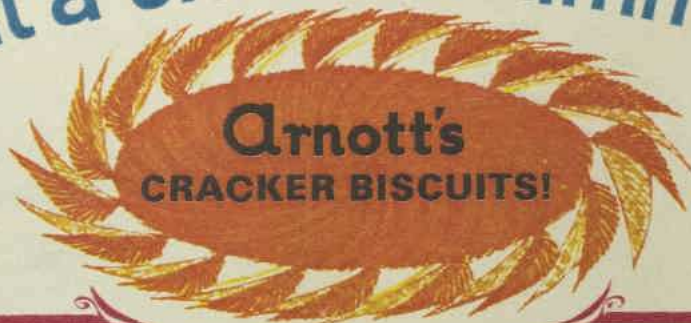
## APPLE FRUIT CAKE

1 cup plain flour  
1 cup self-raising flour  
1 cup sugar  
1 teaspoon mixed spice  
1 cup chopped raisins  
1 cup currants  
1 cup cold stewed apple  
1 teaspoon bicarb. soda  
1 tablespoon butter  
1/2 cup warm milk

Mix together the flours, sugar, chopped fruits, and spice. Stir in well-drained apple. Dissolve bicarbonate of soda in warm milk in which the butter has been melted. Add to fruit mixture; stir until well mixed. Turn into greased and paper-lined 8in. square cake tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 1/2 hours.



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## For teenagers



A KEEN EYE and a steady hand have taken schoolgirl Dianne Heath around Australia to compete in the rifle-shooting events.

## SHE'S RIGHT ON TARGETS

● Rifle-shooters in Australia are watching out for a 17-year-old redhead with a gun. It's not that she is on any sort of vendetta — it's just that she might beat them in competitions.

THE girl is Dianne Heath, from Geelong, Victoria, and she is getting quite a reputation as a crack shot.

In June this year she became the first woman ever

to win a badge in a Queen's Shoot—the top annual shooting event in each State. In this year's competition in Queensland, Dianne won her badge by coming ninth out

of a field of 272. This outstanding victory took her into "A" grade.

Dianne first became interested in shooting when she was 12.

"It was ladies' day at the Corio Bay Rifle Club," she recalled, "and I'd gone down with my father. Somebody asked me to have a go, so I did. It was rather funny, really," she added, "as someone had to hold the rifle for me, and all I did was squeeze the trigger."

### Brothers, too

This led Dianne into a great friendship with the 303 rifle, and on November 22, 1965, her 16th birthday, she became an official member of the Rifle Club. (Incidentally, Dianne's father, Mr. Bruce Heath, formed the

Corio Bay Rifle Club when the family moved to Geelong from Bendigo about six years ago.)

She is the only woman member of the club. She would have joined earlier but the minimum age for members is 16.

Shooting is very much a family sport for the Heaths, as Dianne's three brothers, Brent, who is now teaching at Daylesford, Russell, and Warwick, are also good shots.

When I asked Mrs. Heath if she was interested in the sport she smiled and said, "Interested, yes, but I don't take an active part. I get it at breakfast, dinner, and tea from Bruce and Dianne, and that's enough."

None of the boys takes part in competition shoots now, but they are all im-

mensely proud of their young sister. Warwick is more interested in cricket and football, and Russell is concentrating on athletics.

### Hockey fan

At the time of the interview she was immensely excited at the thought of taking part in the Commonwealth competitions due to take place in Hobart at the end of December. She was the youngest member and only feminine representative in the team of ten. Also in the team was Dianne's father, who is secretary of the Victorian Rifle Association. Mr. Heath came seventh (three places behind his daughter) in the selection tests.

Dianne wasn't always keen on shooting, and at one stage

much preferred hockey. Her mother laughingly recalled the time Dianne went out on to the hockey field, then dashed up to the rifle range, where she fired a few shots, then hurried back to finish the game of hockey.

Dianne, a student at Matthew Flinders Girls' High School, Geelong, hopes to become a secondary teacher. Also very high on her list of hopes is to win a Queen's Shoot.

One word of warning to would-be shooters, though. In Dianne's words, "You've got to learn to ignore insects. It is very irritating when you've got the target all lined up and a mosquito or a fly decides to waltz around your face!"

—Leonie Newberry

## CROCHETED COVER-UP — for windy days at the beach

● The mood is young. The air is blown by a stiff summer sea breeze. No matter — in this lace sweater you can enjoy the beach as long as the sun stays up.

**Materials:** 15 (16) balls mu Bri-Nylon 4-ply; No. 9 crochet hook.

**Measurements:** To fit 32 (34) in. bust. Length, 25in.; sleeve, 12½in.

**Tension:** 1 patt. equals 1 in.

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain; c., double crochet; tr., treble; d.tr., double treble; sl-st., slip-stitch.

### BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Make 83 (91) ch.

**1st Row:** 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end, 3 ch., turn.

**2nd Row:** 1 tr. in 2nd st., tr. in each st. to end, 2 ch., turn.

**3rd Row:** (1 tr., 3 d.tr.) in 2nd tr., \* miss 3 tr., (1 d.c.,

3 d.tr.) in next st., rep. from \* to last 3 sts., 1 tr. in last st., 1 ch., turn.

**4th Row:** \* 3 d.c. in 3 d.tr., 1 tr. in d.c., rep. from \* to end, 3 ch., turn.

Rep. rows 2, 3, and 4 for pattern. Cont. in patt. until work measures 15in., ending on a 2nd patt. row.

**Next Row:** Sl-st. over 5 (9) sts., (1 d.c., 3 d.tr.) in 2nd st., patt. to last 5 (9) sts., turn.

Cont. without shaping until armholes measure 6½in., ending on tr. row.

**Next Row:** Patt. 5 shells, turn, work in patt. on this side only for 4 rows.

**Next Row:** Work half shoulder in tr., rem. in d.c. Fasten off.

Rejoin yarn at armhole

edge, work 5 rows in patt. shaping as first shoulder.

### SLEEVES

Make 71 ch. Work in patt. until sleeve measures 12in.

**Next Row:** Sl-st. over 5 sts., patt. to last 5 sts., turn.

Dec. 1 st. each end of next 9 rows. Fasten off.

### TO MAKE UP

Using a fine back-stitch seam, join shoulders, sew in sleeves, join side and sleeve seams.

### EDGING

Work round neck and sleeves as follows, beg. at seam: 3 ch., 3 tr. in next st., \* miss 1 st., 1 d.c. in next st., miss 1 st., 4 tr. in next st., rep. from \* to end, join with sl-st. Fasten off. Press lightly with warm iron and dry cloth.



SHELL pattern in this lacy sweater lets the shape show through; make it just long enough to cover your bikini. Directions are given at left for 32 and 34in. bust measurements.



## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 517.—FROCK

Check frock is available cut out to make in pink/white, black/white, or lilac/white dacron-cotton. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$7.25; 36 and 38in. bust, \$7.45. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

### No. 518.—DUCHESS SET

Duchesse set is available traced ready to sew in blue, green, pink, white, or cream pure Irish linen. Price is 99 cents plus 10 cents postage and dispatch.

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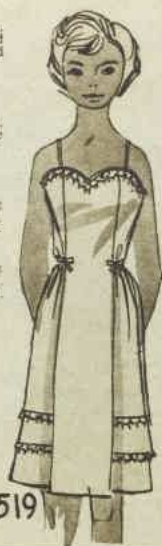
Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Frocks, Box 4069, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



517



518



519



"I don't know if Juliet was popular with her crowd. Shakespeare didn't say."

## BEAUTY IN BRIEF

### SUNNY MAKE-UP

THERE are many skins that simply can't take strong sunshine. Usually this type of skin reddens badly after quite a short exposure to the sun, and then quickly peels.

In this event, protection with a good filter-cream, plus a big hat or a sun umbrella, is by far the wisest and prettiest course.

For best results a sun-proof cream should be applied generously before venturing into the sun, especially on face, neck, shoulders, and shinbones. Renew it as soon as the skin begins to feel hot.

Make-up for an untanned skin in summer should be warm and creamy rather than pink and white, which is apt to look washy in the sunshine.

With this creamy skin tone, you can emphasise your lips with a pretty pale lipstick or add brilliance with white lipstick under coral-red or a sharp pink. The last is a very good "look" for outdoors.

Summer day eye make-up, if worn at all, should be barely there. A brown or grey eyebrow pencil, with a touch — no more — of eye-shadow if you must.

— Carolyn Earle

## ROUND ROBIN



Adam

### A DILL IN A PICKLE

I WAS fascinated to read recently about the terms of endearment Sophia Loren has for her husband Carlo Ponti.

Apparently, instead of "dear" Sophia calls Carlo "polpettone" ("meat loaf"). Instead of "very dear," he is "peperone" ("pepper").

"But," says Carlo, "when she loves me most she calls me 'suppli' ('fried rice with mozzarella cheese')."

I believe Sophia gets a bit confused sometimes.

For years she thought macaroni was a short American actor.

Anyway, it all offers food for thought to local romancers. Sophia's sort of love-talk is rather rich meat by our standards.

Generally, in Australia a "good dish" never has meat loaf added.

A boy who added a Gallic touch to his compliments and called his girl a little cabbage would no doubt be told to turn over a new leaf.

All in all, you might say that describing someone in terms of Italian cooking was not very dinkum cabanossi.

One of the few cases here of tributes being linked with food is the habit at weddings of guys hopping up and down to say how lovely brides and bridesmaids are.

These blokes could well be called pop-up toasters.

Sophia's custom, I might point out, has a long history.

In fact, Anne Hathaway's pet name for William Shakespeare started the controversy about who wrote his plays.

She used to call him her "little Bacon."

I hope the idea doesn't catch on here.

Although, I suppose I could take it if a girl called me a "sausage."

But only if the worst came to the worst.



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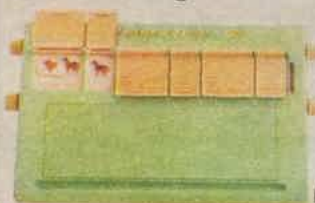


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## DON'T TRY TOO HARD!

"WHY is it that, although I am attractive, I never manage to click with a boy and at 16 have never had a boyfriend? My girlfriend, who is very attractive, always gets the boy I like; when she sees that he is attracted to me, she starts going with him, and then drops him when she gets tired of him. But, even if my girlfriend isn't around, I still can't get a boyfriend."

"Puzzled," Vic.

• Sometimes when a girl feels she is dateless, imagination runs riot. Could this be so in your case? Could envy of your friend—who obviously has the sparkle in her personality which appeals to boys—be making you see her in the wrong light? Look into the mirror and try to see yourself as others see you. Then, go out and be yourself, but don't try too hard to find a boyfriend. Romance always comes when you least expect it!

### Romance on a string

"WE are four girls who are very concerned about our best friend. A boy has completely flipped over her and, instead of making up her mind if she likes him or not, she leads him on a string. When we go to dances she refuses to dance with him, then next day goes mad at him for not asking her to dance. We all think she is extremely cruel, but she won't listen to us and says she hates boys. Just when the boy has given up, she does things like holding his hand. She is not only getting herself a bad name, but the boy mixed up."

"Four Friends," N.S.W.

• Just what business is it of yours that a boy has flipped over this girl and that she has him on a string? You can tsk-tsk as much as you like about the "bad name"—you sound more envious than pious to me. If she chooses to lead a boy on a string good luck to her! Any boy who is so easily "led" deserves—and WANTS—everything he gets!

### Too late to love?

"I AM 15 and very keen on a boy who is a year older than me. He used to like me, but as his friends embarrassed me I never took any notice of him and disliked him, dodging him all the time. Now I like him very much, but I am not sure if he still likes me, as he is always talking to other girls and doesn't take much notice of me. How should I go about letting him know that I now like him? I am very shy, and every time I come face to face with him I blush and look away, although I really want to see him."

"Concerned," Vic.

• Of course he doesn't take any notice of you now! A teenage boy isn't going to let a mere girl make him look a fool—to himself!—again. Although everyone is entitled to a second chance, I'm afraid you may be too late. All you can do is stop blushing and looking away. Instead, smile and give an encouraging hello.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

## Open your eyes!

• After an illness I lost my sight for a short while. Until then I had never thought very much about the hardships to be overcome by the blind. Since regaining my sight, I have nothing but respect and admiration for the way sightless people move about and make handicrafts. If any teenager doubts the terrific feeling of insecurity, he should shut his eyes tightly and attempt to move around. It is frightening the way familiar rooms can become virtually a nightmare world when one cannot see where one is going.

—H.H., Deakin, A.C.T.

If you feel unsure with boys who seem extra-special, keep the fact that they are human firmly in mind. Think of some of the very ordinary things (such as cleaning his teeth, worrying about exams, etc.) that this super-boy has to do, just like everybody else—in fact, try to imagine him cleaning his teeth. Little mind-sketches like this are marvellous for restoring your perspective and turn him into an easier person to know and talk to. —"Unwanted Girl," Lakes Entrance, Vic.

### Crocodile tears

I AM always coming across the "Our parents (sob) don't understand us," "Moms are best," "How I manage to cope with life" type of letter. This sickens me. Why on earth are people petty enough to bother about all this? I don't care if my parents don't "understand" me—in fact, I can't claim to understand myself, so how could I expect others to do so? I think that teenagers whose continual excuse is "I'm not understood" will evolve into the parents of tomorrow whose nagging

whine will be, "In my generation..." What a glorious prospect! —"Sickened," Parkdale, Vic.

### CATCALL

• When Britain's top artists come to Australia, they are swamped with attention. Eden Kane (whom I like) appeared on all our TV shows and was given a great welcome. Yet the appearance of Normie Rowe, our biggest star vocalist, was cancelled for Britain's "Juke Box Jury." I think we should ignore overseas artists until they have proved themselves—like our stars have to do overseas. Why should our pride be taken for a ride? When artists come from overseas, they should be billed below our artists, for, after all, ours are as good as they are. —M. Pritchard, Wauchope, N.S.W.

## AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Jan. 21

### ARIES

MAR. 21-APR. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Gambling colors, lilac, blue.  
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ Just as well the New Year not begin with this week. There are some shocking influences to hole up and stick to the 5th, 7th, 8th. However, stars ahead.

### TAURUS

APR. 21-MAY 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

★ A dangerous, delaying, nervous week—all departmental life are adversely pressured. To hole up and stick to the passage. Much better next week.

### GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 21  
★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Gambling colors, red, yellow.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Tuesday.

★ A restless week when all relationships are adversely pressured, especially 6th-8th. There's a weekend quarrel with a friend. It all adds up to your head in."

### CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Gambling colors, red, navy.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

★ You'll need all your sensitive radar to weather unsettling week. A combination of drag and the unexpected, more than careful travel, especially at the weekend.

### LEO

JULY 23-AUG. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Gambling colors, orange, tan.  
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

★ You'll have to curb your urge to splurge. The planets seem to produce unexpected financial loss, so zip your handbag. Adverse week, which is more compensated by next week.

### VIRGO

AUG. 23-SEPT. 23  
★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Gambling colors, green, brown.  
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

★ You, more than most, affected by this week's planet weather, especially at weekend. A decisive change personal concerns for many won't be quite the same.

### LIBRA

SEPT. 24-OCT. 23  
★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Gambling colors, blue, grey.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.

★ You'll need all your sense balance to negotiate this week. Weekend is particularly strong—you'll need that extra caution. If you can, go home. Next week much better.

### SCORPIO

OCT. 24-NOV. 23  
★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ Cupid cops it and gets his badly ruffled, especially at weekend. A week for patience, caution. If you can, go home. Next week, however, very good.

### SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23-DEC. 21  
★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Gambling colors, black, green.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ There's danger that a red blood to the head could lead to travel trouble. The 7th is a day, one of mental tension, adverse week, so be careful. Next week much better.

### CAPRICORN

DEC. 22-JAN. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Gambling colors, red, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

★ It's your get-up-and-go cycle, a time to initiate for success—but this week definitely one for strict caution. No risks, please, especially weekends. Good times ahead.

### AQUARIUS

JAN. 21-FEB. 19  
★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Gambling colors, blue, jade.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

★ The heavens are in a mood, a mixture of drag and unexpected, when safe is best. Finances and friends prove erratic. Weekend could emotional fireworks.

### PISCES

FEB. 20-MAR. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Gambling colors, black, red.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Tuesday.

★ Not one of your weeks haps the worst for a long time. Personal affairs and your relations with the world are so pressured. Run for cover next week, which compensates.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

## Fashion FROCK

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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 26. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.





# AT HOME ...

## with Margaret Sydney

● Now that the age at which girls leave school has gone up in New South Wales, some schools have decided to allow girls in the highest form to wear make-up and their own choice of clothes.

SUPPOSE this had to come — most senior schoolgirls regard their uniforms as drab, drab, and readful — but I bet many maternal hearts sank at the news.

The great virtue of school uniforms is that they do away with competition, leaving every little chance for those whose parents happen to have tons of money to cut a dash and look much smarter than the others.

I can sympathise with the girls' desire to get out of uniform when they reach 17 or 18. I can also sympathise with the poor mothers who will suddenly be told by their daughters that they need millions more clothes. Admittedly, school uniforms have become very expensive and often cost more than a simple out-of-uniform frock.

But where two or three uniforms are adequate for the school year, two or three frocks certainly won't be, since the late teens are the time when it's absolutely unthinkable to be seen two days running in the same clothes.

I have a feeling, too, that alarm-clocks will have to be set earlier, or there'll be any more school buses and trains missed.

For the uniformed brigade it's a matter of putting your uniform on, comb your hair, and your school hat on top of your head and out the door.

The new system at some schools will mean a sort of momentous early-morning decision to be made—does this look better with or without a belt? Do I need a slip? Shall I wear my white shoes or the bone ones?

And—I can't possibly go to school today because someone's taken my pink lipstick, and it's the only one that goes with this dress!

Now about a nice shade of elephant, or London smoke?

MY recent researches into the Girls' Own Paper for 1908 yield some advice these suffering mums might like to pass on to their out-of-uniform schoolgirl daughters. I think it's very unlikely they'll take any notice!

The GOP says: "With a limited amount of money to spend, it is imperative to avoid extremes of style, for the majority of girls cannot have an expensive new gown with much change of season.

"Then, too, the color must be considered, not only as to its becomingness, but whether or not it is a shade that one will tire of easily. The too-individual gown is apt to be too closely identified with its wearer, and to be known for your gown is a mistake!"

Bearing this in mind, the colors the GOP advocated were "all of the shades of grey cause of their neutral, inconspicuous color" — taupe, mole, elephant, London smoke, wallflower brown, wisteria, amethyst.

My first thought on reading that was that clothes would all be inconspicuous and pressing to the point where they'd hardly be worth having. Then I suddenly remem-

bered (how long ago was it? Five or six years?) when every clear, bright color disappeared and we were all going round in taupes and muddy browns and greens.

Maybe this has to happen every fifty years or so. But London smoke! That seems to be going a bit far.

The same issue of the magazine had some wonderful advice for young brides on how to cope with the household washing. The memory of it cheers me up every time my own struggles with the washing-machine seem Too Much.

"What fixtures should the house contain to help the young housewife with her weekly wash?" the editor asks. "Well, in the scullery off the little kitchen there should be a copper for boiling the white linen and cotton clothes in."

The article goes on to declare indoor drying preferable to outdoor in a city, and advocates that the kitchen have lines of galvanised wire stretched across it about a foot below the ceiling.

The last job of the night was to hang any wet washing here, and the first job of the morning, I suppose, was to take it down so that you could fight your way to the stove to start the fire.

**Washing was a long job: soaking, rubbing, boiling**

TWO tubs were needed for soaking the wash, and since the Sabbath was obviously an unsuitable time for soaking things, Saturday night or Monday night had to be chosen, depending on whether you washed on Mondays or Tuesdays.

After the clothes had soaked for from 12 to 36 hours they had to be washed in several waters until they looked clean, then put into the copper and boiled for ten minutes.

After rinsing and bluing, they were wrung out (by hand, of course), draped round the kitchen until half dry, taken down, starched, and rolled up tightly ready for ironing.

The ironing instructions were equally daunting. There was a right way and a wrong way to iron everything, and the GOP was going to do its level best to make sure that every article that came off your ironing-table would look better than the work produced by a professional laundry.

The ironing-board was advocated only for skirts. Everything else was best ironed flat on the kitchen table. Come to think of it, I can remember when the bulk of the family ironing, in my childhood, was done on the kitchen table, with the legless ironing-board only dragged out of its cupboard and propped from the table to the back of a chair for skirts and dresses.

I wonder whether it was a better way of ironing, one that we've had to abandon simply because kitchens don't have free-standing tables any more?

It might be, but I'm not going to try it. Any more than I'll try Saturday-night soaking or grating up bars of soap to make jelly for the copper. It must have been hard in those days to be generous with clean towels or last-minute offers of a spare bed for the night for late visitors.



If you're healthy and regular, there's no limit to the work you can do in a day. Lesley Strudwick flies through the housework, minds the children and still manages time for gardening!

## Who wins the prize for energy?



Not a sign of fatigue from Lesley Strudwick, and it's past six o'clock! That's because Lesley starts the day with a bowl of crisp, nut-sweet ALL-BRAN. She's a firm believer in a really well-balanced diet.

"It's a toss-up, really — we're all healthy!" says Lesley Strudwick of Chadstone, Melbourne. "As a Mum, I've given a lot of thought to the family's diet and I think regularity is specially important. That's why I serve ALL-BRAN, it's the nicest way I know to make sure we're all in wonderful trim. We eat ALL-BRAN every morning with milk and sugar, sometimes with fruit or another cereal. The family love it." ALL-BRAN is a marvellous breakfast food, because it tastes delicious, and is a natural way to guard against irregularity. Its secret is vital "bulk" which many other foods don't have. Join the happy, healthy ALL-BRAN people like the Strudwicks. Buy some today.

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## CAMPUS STRIPES

**Materials:** 7 (8, 9) balls first color (f.c.), 7 (7, 8) balls second color (s.c.), 7 (7, 8) balls third color (t.c.), Villawool Avanti; 1 pr. each Nos. 8 and 10 needles; 1 No. 9 Aero crocheter hook; 1 button for cap.

**Measurements:** To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 23½ in. (all sizes); sleeves, 16½ in. (all sizes). Cap, to fit average head.

**Tension:** 5 sts. to 1 in.

### PATTERN

**1st Row** (wrong side of work): Sl. 1, k to end.

**2nd Row:** Sl. 1 purllwise, (k 1 into st. below, p 1) rep. to end.

Rep. these 2 rows inclusive.

### Pattern of stripes in pattern stitch

Fourteen rows f.c., 14 rows s.c., 14 rows t.c. Rep. these 42 rows inclusive.

### SWEATER

#### BACK

With f.c. and No. 10 needles, cast on 87 (93, 99) sts. and work in patt., at the same time, work in stripes as follows: 14 rows f.c., 14 rows s.c.

Change to No. 8 needles and work 14 rows t.c.

Cont. in patt. of stripes until work measures 15½ in. (or length required), ending on 2nd row of patt.

**To Shape Armholes:** Keeping patt. in order, cast off at beg. of next and every row 2 sts. 4 (6, 8) times. 1 st. 6 times. Cont. on r.m. 73 (75, 77) sts. until armholes measure 7½ in., ending on 2nd row of patt.

**To Shape Shoulders and**

**Neck—Next Row:** Patt. 27 (28, 29) sts., cast off the centre 19 sts., patt. 27 (28, 29) sts.

Cont. on the last 27 (28, 29) sts. and cast off for shoulder at beg. of next and alt. rows 7 sts. twice, 7 (8, 9) sts. once, at the same time, cast off at neck edge on every 2nd row 3 sts. twice. Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge and finish as other side in reverse.

### FRONT

Work as back until armholes measure 5½ in., ending on 2nd row of patt.

**To Shape Neck—Next Row:** Patt. 29 (30, 31) sts., cast off centre 15 sts., patt. 29 (30, 31) sts.

Cont. on last 29 (30, 31) sts. and cast off at neck edge on every 2nd row 1 st. 8 times. Cont. on rem. 21 (22, 23) sts. until armhole measures same as back, ending at armhole edge.

**To Shape Shoulders:** Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 7 sts. twice, 7 (8, 9) sts. once. Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge and finish as other side in reverse.

### SLEEVES

With f.c. and No. 10 needles, cast on 41 (43, 45) sts. and work in patt. Work 24 rows f.c., 14 rows s.c., then change to No. 8 needles and cont. in patt. of stripes. At the same time, inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 14th row thereafter to 63 (65, 67) sts. Cont. until sleeves measure 16½ in., ending on same row of stripes as back, or length required, ending on 2nd row of patt. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row until 25 sts. rem. Cast off 3 sts. at

beg. of next 4 rows and rem. 13 sts. on next row.

### TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small back-stitch sew up right-shoulder seam. Press seam open.

### NECKBAND

With right side facing, f.c., and No. 10 needles, neatly pick up and knit 21 sts. on each side of front neck, 15 sts. at centre front, 32 sts. on back neck (89 sts.).

Work 1st and 2nd rows of patt. 10 times. Cast off ribwise on the next row.

### TO FINISH OFF

Sew up left shoulder and neatly join neckband ends. Press seam open. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams open. Set sleeves smoothly into armholes.

### CAP

With f.c. and No. 8 needles, cast on 97 sts. and work as back.

Cont. until work measures 6 in.

Change to No. 10 needles and work a further 1½ in., ending on a k row.

**Next Row:** K 2 tog., rep. to last st., p 1.

**Next Row:** P 2 tog., rep. to last st., p 1.

Break yarn, leaving a length to thread through rem. sts., draw up and fasten off securely.

Neatly join edges tog. Lightly press on wrong side.

### TO FINISH OFF

Measure 6½ in. at front of cap and tie a marker at each end of the 6½ in. With crochet hook, f.c., and yarn used double, work in d.c. between markers. Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 8 rows, then work 1 row round to other side. Sew on button at top of cap.

### TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small back-stitch, sew up right-shoulder seam. Press seam open.

### NECKBAND

With right side facing, m.c., and No. 10 needles, beg. and ending ½ in. in from shoulder edge, neatly pick up and knit 122 (126, 130, 130) sts. evenly round neck edge. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ in. Cast off loosely ribwise on next row.

### TO FINISH OFF

Sew up shoulder and neatly join neckband ends tog. Press seam open. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams open. Fold neckband and ribbing on sleeves in half to right side and slip-stitch down.

### SKIRT BACK

With No. 8 needles, cast on 118 (124, 130, 136) sts. and work in st-st. Work 6 rows.

Change to No. 9 needles and work 8 rows. Tie marker in centre of last row; take all measurements from marker.

Change to No. 8 needles. Dec. 1 st. each end of every 16th row 6 times, then every 6th row until 90 (96, 102, 108) sts. rem. Cont. until skirt measures 20½ in. from marker (or as adjusted). Change to No. 10 needles and work 6 rows in rib of k 1, p 1. Cast off ribwise on the next row.

### FRONT

Work as back.

### TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small back-stitch, sew up side seams. Press seams open. Fold up hem at marker and slip-stitch down. Join elastic and attach to waist on wrong side, using herringbone-stitch for casing.

## TOP-OF-THE-FASHION

**Materials—Jumper:** 14 (15, 16, 17) balls main color (m.c.); 1 ball (all sizes) contrast color (c.c.).

**Skirt:** 10 (10, 11, 11) balls main color (m.c.) Villawool Avanti; one pair each Nos. 3, 9, and 10 needles, elastic for waist.

**Measurements:** To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust; length of jumper, 23 (23½, 23½, 23½) in.; sleeves, 11 in. (all sizes); hips, 33 (35, 37, 39) in.; length of skirt, 21½ in. (all sizes); waist adjusted, 22 (24, 26, 28) in.

**Tension:** 6 sts. to 1 in.

### JUMPER BACK

With m.c. and No. 10 needles, cast on 102 (108, 114, 120) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ in.

Change to No. 8 needles and stocking-stitch.

Work 2 rows c.c., 4 rows m.c., 2 rows c.c., then cont. in m.c. only.

Cont. until work measures 6 in. (or length required), ending on p row.

**To Shape Armholes:** Cast off at beg. of next and every row 3 (3, 4, 5) sts. twice, 2 sts. 2 (4, 4, 4) times. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row 3 (3, 3, 4) times. Cont. on rem. 86 (88, 92, 94) sts. until armholes measure 7 (7½, 7½, 7½) in., ending on p row.

**To Shape Shoulders and Neck—Next Row:** Cast off (5, 6, 7) sts., k 29 sts., cast off the centre 18 (20, 22) sts., k 34 (34, 35, 36) sts.

Cont. on the last 34 (34, 35, 36) sts. and cast off for shoulder at beg. of next and

alt. rows 5 (5, 6, 7) sts. once, 7 sts. 3 times, at the same time cast off at neck edge on every 2nd row 3 sts. twice, 2 sts. once. Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, and finish as other side in reverse.

### FRONT

Work as back until armholes measure 5½ (6, 6, 6½) in., ending on p row.

**To Shape Neck—Next Row:** K 36 (36, 37, 38) sts., cast off the centre 14 (16, 18, 18) sts., k 36 (36, 37, 38) sts.

Cont. on the last 36 (36, 37, 38) sts. and cast off at neck edge on every 2nd row 3 sts. once, 2 sts. 3 times, 1 st. once, ending at armhole.

**To Shape Shoulders:** Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 5 (5, 6, 7) sts. once, 7 sts. 3 times. Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, and finish as other side in reverse.

### SLEEVES

With m.c. and No. 10 needles, cast on 62 (64, 66, 68) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ in.

Change to No. 8 needles and st-st.

Work 2 rows c.c., 4 rows m.c., 2 rows c.c., then cont. in m.c. only.

Inc. 1 st. each end of 9th, then every 10th row thereafter until 74 (76, 78, 80) sts. Cont. until sleeves measure 12½ in. (1½ in. allowed for fold of ribbing or length required), ending on p row. Cast off 3 (3, 4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 5 rows, then every 2nd row until 32 sts. rem. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 3 sts. 6 times, 14 sts. once.



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# 2 MINUTE MAYONNAISE



1 All you need is: ½ can Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, 1 tsp. Keen's Mustard, ¼ tsp. salt, ½ cup vinegar.



2 Just stir until the mixture thickens slightly. Then let it stand for a few moments (See? No lumps, no beating, no fuss.)



3 Now try it. (Add a little more mustard if you wish.) Isn't it just delicious? So quick, too.

## THEN make a platter of DANISH OPEN SANDWICHES

(Ham and chicken, crisp salad vegetables, made all the more delicious with 2-minute Mayonnaise.)



## DANISH OPEN SANDWICHES

Choose a fresh, crusty loaf of rye bread (or, if you prefer, white French bread or sliced Pumpernickel). Butter the slices and top with rolled-up slices of ham, chicken, corned beef or any sliced meat.

Then add slices of any (or all)

of the following: cucumber, radish, onion, tomato, hard-boiled egg. (And a lettuce leaf, too, if you like.)

Garnish with a sprig of parsley and pour a lavish helping of 2-minute Mayonnaise over the top. It makes all the tangy difference!

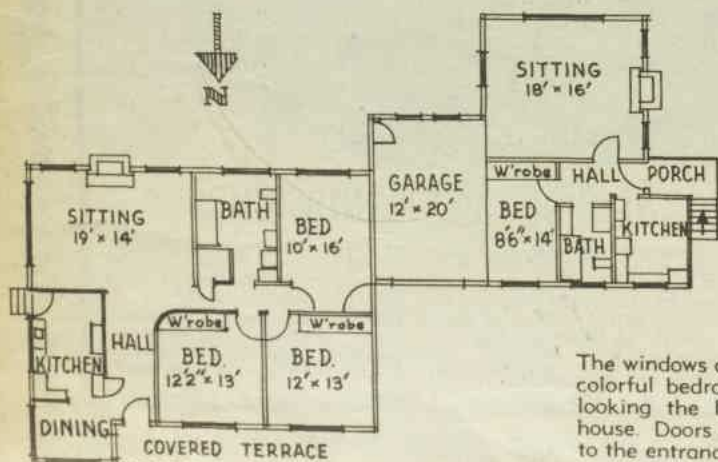




Kitchen at "Merryfield," home of the Misses Joan and Betty Rayner at Vermont, near Melbourne, is separated from the small dining area by a serving bar.



A picnic area was created in the grounds at "Merryfield" — a number of trees were chopped down, and the stumps make charming unusual seats and tables.



The windows of Miss Betty Rayner's colorful bedroom face north, overlooking the lawn in front of the house. Doors open from this room to the entrance hall and to the passage leading from the sitting room.

WHEN the tide was low, the Misses Joan and Betty Rayner would sometimes take the plans for the home they were designing down to the beach, and draw them, full size, in the sand. "We used to walk in and out, miming household chores and finding faults — it saved us making a number of mistakes when building our home."

For years these well-known sisters lived in a caravan parked in the grounds of the Australian Children's Theatre headquarters in Kew, Vic. But they dreamed of and planned for a home of their own, where they could come at the end of their journeys into the country — each year they travel hundreds of miles in their caravan bringing the Children's Theatre to youngsters in outback districts.

At last their dream came true, and they built their home, "Merryfield," at Vermont, near Melbourne, in spacious surroundings within a bushland setting. The house is planned for easy living and a minimum of housework, and combined in its plan is an attached flat, rented to tenants. "For years we kept a file labelled 'Home,' and into it we slipped any interesting ideas we came across," said Miss Betty Rayner. The sisters estimate the cost of building the house and flat at between \$20,000 and \$22,000.

"We designed several caravans for easy living and we partly designed the Australian Children's Theatre headquarters, which is a two-storey grey building with a large room downstairs, used for rehearsals, and offices, a kitchen and a bathroom upstairs. There is room in the grounds for caravans and a van which is specially fitted out for the use of visiting artists who work with the Australian Children's Theatre from time to time."

The color scheme for the sitting room at "Merryfield" was built around three modern paintings by artists Jan Riske, June Tanner, and Mary Beeston. The result is a blending of warm russet shades in the rugs and curtains, with blue chairs and cushions. The same warm shades continue through into the bedrooms. In the sitting room is a "children's corner," where young visitors can sit on low divan seats and enjoy the books and entertaining ornaments nearby.

As they roamed the countryside in their caravan, the Rayner sisters collected stones of all shapes and colors, and these they have used most effectively as hearth stones in front of their fireside. "The stones are in delicate shades," said Miss Joan Rayner, "and we found many of them on the beds of creeks and in parts of the bush. They are not attached to the hearth and can be moved about."

Equipped with many built-in cupboards of stained wood, the kitchen is compact, to save unnecessary steps and work. The wide windows (and those of the adjoining dining alcove) have natural bamboo blinds. The windows of the dining area face east, west, and north. A dropside dining table attached to the wall can be lowered to give more room when the sisters "turn this alcove into a sunroom — and just relax."





# HOUSE AND FLAT



Story by Moira Ward

Photographs by Brian Ferguson

The sitting room, showing also the front door and tiny entrance hall leading straight into this room. Behind the blue chair (centre of picture) is the entrance to the kitchen, and to the right of the front door can be seen part of the dining area.

## HOUSE of the WEEK



Front view of "Merryfield."  
The Rayner sisters occupy the left-hand block of the echelon house and in the right-hand block are the garage and separate flat.



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Joan was posting a letter  
as the man approached.

# Last Post

By BRIAN W. JOHNS

PERKINS awoke with a start. His face was wet with sweat, and he was trembling violently. He had had that same dream again.

The details never varied — nearly every night for three weeks he had dreamed he was murdering his wife.

He sat up in bed and looked around. His wife lay beside him, breathing heavily. The time was 2.30 a.m.

He shuddered — not because he remembered the act of murder, but because of the feelings that went with it. Feelings of joy and power.

Why did he imagine things like that?

His 18-year-old marriage to Joan was hardly a complete success, but it had not reached the murdering stage yet.

Joan didn't help. She was becoming more sullen every day, deriding Perkins' lack of ambition and telling him that she had wasted her life on him.

She often said she should have married Denis Williams, a former boyfriend who lived nearby.

Slowly, Perkins' eyes closed again and he sank into a deep sleep. It lasted until he felt Joan's heavy hand on his shoulder and heard her impatient voice telling him it was time to get up.

They ate breakfast almost in silence. His occasional remarks were rebuffed by non-committal grunts from his wife.

After they had eaten, she sat at the table, smoking a cigarette. Suddenly she said, "Remember, I'm going away to mother's for the weekend. And make sure you don't get the house in the mess you did last time. A grown man ought to be able to look after himself for two days."

"I'll manage, dear," said Perkins. His way to the bus stop, Perkins again wondered why Joan had married him. The only thing they had in common was mutual dislike.

He was meek, with a taste for a quiet life. Joan was an extrovert with a strident voice. She liked dancing and having a good time — things that meant nothing to him at all.

That night, after he left his office, he decided that a walk home in the evening sunshine would be more pleasant than catching the bus.

He turned into the street where Joan's old flame, Denis Williams, lived.

As he walked past, Perkins noticed a familiar figure coming out from Williams' house at the end of the street. It was Joan.

Her secret visit to Williams could mean only one thing — she was unfaithful.

Anger welling up inside him, Perkins made for the nearest bar, where he ordered a large whisky and began to

think what he would do. At first he had been amazed, but gradually his confused feelings hardened into cold-blooded decision.

For 18 years he had been bullied by a vulgar, greedy woman — and he had meekly endured it all. But this was the last straw. He would free himself of her . . . without the humiliation of divorce proceedings. He thought of tonight. That was it — Joan must die dead.

Perkins began to plan the murder. That night, while Joan was asleep, she would be strangled, her body dragged along the canal path at the rear of their house, then dumped into the canal.

People would think she had been murdered by an insane killer. The police might be suspicious, but they could hardly press charges without proof.

Perkins drank more and more, and the unaccustomed spirits took effect. His face was flushed and his eyes moist and shining with excitement, as, staggering slightly, he made his way home.

At the top of his street was a post-box, and standing near it was a woman in the act of taking a letter from her handbag.

For the second time that day, Perkins was watching Joan unobserved.

The street was very dark, there were no houses nearby and nobody was around. The canal ran past the left-hand side of the street. Perkins took off his tie and gripped it tightly in his hands. Then he crept toward Joan from behind.

In a few seconds it was all over.

He dragged the body across the grass and on to the canal path. Puffing heavily, he heaved it into the water.

He glanced around — nobody had seen him. He went back to the post-box. Lying on the ground was the letter Joan had been about to post.

He picked it up. It was addressed to Denis Williams.

Perkins reflected. Williams might be expecting the letter and could get suspicious if it did not arrive. So he picked it up, popped it into the box and, whistling gaily, walked home.

That was his second mistake.

If Perkins had opened the letter he would have read:

"Darling—Today I called around to see you, but you were out and I realised that you must have gone away for the weekend. Please get in touch with me when you get back. I know this sounds insane, but I'm convinced my husband is going to murder me. Night after night he mutters aloud in his sleep about strangling me and dumping my body in the canal. Yours, Joan."

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It is indeed wise to take care of that your neck is well cared for during daily care during normal beauty routine. Fingertip massage with moist oil will preserve the creamy smoothness of the skin and tone the contours of the neck to keep youthful and supple. A gentle upward stroke start at the base of the throat and smooth the of Ulan under the jawline then down the nape of the neck to the shoulders. Keep this up and you will have another pretty feature.

... Margaret Mc

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# THE HIGH COMMISSIONER

Opening instalment of a dramatic new three-part serial

By JON CLEARY

**T**HE Premier said, "We want you to go to London and arrest the High Commissioner for murder."

He sat back. He was 70 years old and 50 years of his hectic brawling life had been spent in politics. He knew and relished the value of shock.

He looked at Scobie Malone, then at Police Commissioner Leeds, his hooded eyes glistening malicious humor. He looked back at Malone and suddenly asked, "What do you vote, Sergeant?"

Malone was still getting over the shock of the Premier's opening remark. After ten years in the force he was not unaccustomed to shocks; but nothing like this had ever been flung at him before. When Flannery had first spoken he had glanced quickly at the old man to see if he was joking; the ugly smile had told him there was no joke. He was still dazed when Flannery spoke to him.

He tried to collect his thoughts. "It depends, sir. I'm not political-minded, sir. I vote by whim, I suppose."

Flannery stared at him, his eyes suddenly dark and glazed; twice he had come close to defeat on the vote of those who voted by whim, the floaters, the I-don't-knows of the opinion polls. Then abruptly he grinned.

"Well, in a way, Sergeant, you're going to London to vote Labor. You want to tell him what's what, Jack?"

Leeds leaned forward in his chair to give him the case facts:

"The Australian High Commissioner in London, as you know, is John Quentin. Or rather that's his name now. It was John Corliss. Under that name he lived here in Sydney before the war and worked as an assistant surveyor. He married a German refugee girl named

Freda Wiseman and they lived out in Coogee. He murdered her on December 8, 1941, then disappeared. By the time the murder was discovered the newspapers were full of Pearl Harbor and the story got no play at all. Corliss just went into smoke and we were never able to trace him. Not until now."

"How did you get on to him, sir? I mean that Quentin and Corliss are the same man?"

Leeds looked at Flannery. There was an atmosphere between the two older men that had something to do with the room in which the three men sat.

Everything smelled overpoweringly of politics: the room, the atmosphere between the Premier and the Commissioner of Police. And yet Leeds had never been a political policeman; for him corruption was a worse crime than murder. Murder, Malone had heard him say to a class of police trainees, was rarely cold-blooded; corruption always was. Malone looked back at Flannery, who considered corruption a necessity of political life.

The old man tapped a folder on his desk. "It's all in here, Sergeant. Documented like a White Paper. It doesn't matter who got us started, the point is their tip was right. It happened six months ago and I've had a man working on it ever since."

"Someone from headquarters?" Malone looked at Leeds, but it was Flannery who answered.

"Not from Police Headquarters. From Party Headquarters. One of our political research officers. He enjoyed it, said it was a nice change from trying to guess voters' intentions."

To page 36



Malone could not understand why Madame Cholon was curious to know if he was on John Quentin's staff



Malone hesitated, still finding everything incredible. Then he asked, "Why wasn't it turned over to our Murder Squad when you first got the tip, Mr. Premier?"

Leeds shot Malone a glance that was both a warning and a look of gratitude; he had obviously asked this same question and got nowhere. But Flannery had spent most of his life dealing with questions that he didn't feel he had to answer.

"We just wanted to be sure, Sergeant. London is one of the two most important diplomatic posts Australia has. You don't accuse our High Commissioner, our country's ambassador there, you don't accuse him of murdering his wife unless you are one hun-

## THE HIGH COMMISSIONER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

dred percent sure of your facts."

"And this political research officer, he's sure of all his facts?"

"Says he'll stake his life on it."

"Seems to me, sir, he's staking someone else's life on it."

Flannery looked at Leeds. "I thought you said he was your best man, Jack."

"He's the best man for this job. If Sergeant Malone sounded a little critical of your research worker, I think it's a natural reaction. When Sergeant Malone has read

that file, I'm sure he'll agree your man has done a good job." Leeds looked at Malone. "I've read it. Everything is there for an arrest."

"And a conviction," said Flannery.

"We never look that far," said Leeds, showing his independence. "We'll arrest him on the warrant that's been issued, in the name of Corliss. The rest is up to the Crown Prosecutor."

"This has to be kept quiet. How can we keep it covered up in your department, Jack?" Flannery asked.

"He can apply for leave."

Leeds turned to Malone. "Better make it compassionate leave, to explain the hurry. Have your grandmother dying or something."

"I haven't used that one since I was a kid at school."

"You'll go the long way round. Fly over to Perth and pick up a plane there for Darwin. In Darwin you can catch the plane for London. If any of the airport reporters saw you getting on a plane for London, here in Sydney, they'd want to know the ins and outs of it all. But going to Perth — well, that's where your grandmother is dying."

"But why all the secrecy, sir?"

Leeds looked at Flannery

again: it's your question, you answer it. Flannery didn't mind in the least: "Because if it's at all possible I'd like Quentin back here in Sydney before his arrest is announced. I want to have the pleasure of ringing up someone and telling him myself. I've waited a long time for this."

Leeds interrupted, a little too sharply, as if he were trying to stop the old man from exposing himself any further. "I'll impress on Sergeant Malone that there has to be absolute secrecy. He'll be back here within a week. And he'll have the High Commissioner with him."

"In a way I feel sorry for Quentin. I met him a couple of times down in Canberra. He's not a bad bloke at all," Flannery said.

Leeds stood up. He reached out for the file, and Flannery, after a moment's hesitation, gave it to him.

"I want it done as quickly and quietly as possible, Jack."

FLANNERY looked up at Malone. "Quentin may make a fuss. You may have to go to Scotland Yard, get them to bring him before an English court and get an extradition order. If that has to happen, get on the phone to the Commissioner here right away, before the London newspapers get wind of it. I don't want a certain someone to hear about it before I have the chance of telling him myself."

"I'll watch it, sir," Malone was sickened by the look on the old man's face.

"I just hope you can talk him into coming back without any fuss, any need for extradition. If he's got any sense of dignity he'll see it's better for him as High Commissioner to be arrested here in Sydney rather than in London. We've got to think of Australia's good name. Don't forget that, Sergeant."

Leeds waved away the car that stood waiting for him. "You mind walking?" he asked Scobie.

"I started on the beat."

"You were practically begging to be put back on the beat, a couple of those questions you put to him."

"I'm not querying your judgment, sir, but do you think I'm the right man for this job?"

Leeds looked at the man beside him. Malone was tall, six feet. His face was too bony to be handsome, but Leeds guessed women would find the eyes attractive: they were dark, almost Latin, and they were friendly. The mouth, too, was friendly. Malone gave the impression of being easy-going, but there was a competence about him that had marked him for promotion from his first days in the force.

"You're the man, all right. What's worrying you?"

"I don't know, sir. The smells of politics and I've never been mixed up in the sort of thing before. I knew of the rivalry and antagonism that existed between State and Federal political parties. Another thing, I did the High Commissioner get away with this for long? Is the file on really fair dinkum?"

"I checked it and checked it before I put it out on a limb. As for Quentin getting away with it so long. This is a big country. Western Australia where he's officially supposed to come from, I mean. Quentin, that's practically another country in the Perth is two thousand miles from Canberra or Sydney."

Malone nodded. "Why behind all this?" he asked Leeds. "Why does the Premier have a murder investigation conducted by one of his own political hounds? Why all the secrecy?"

"Pure political malice," Leeds repeated. "He's forgiven the Prime Minister for crossing the floor back in the 1930s. The PM was a Labor man in those days here in State politics. It was before he moved to Canberra — went into Federal ring. There was some Bill and he crossed floor and voted with Opposition. It brought Government down."

"But how does he get at the PM?"

"Quentin has been PM's protegee. Some think the PM has been giving him to take over the day. Quentin had only been in Parliament two years when he was made a junior minister. Then when the last Commissioner in London died suddenly, Quentin sent there. It's a diplomatic post, but it's always filled a politician. Either a reward for past services or a build-up for bigger things. Quentin is obviously for bigger things." The corrected himself: "Or so."

"So with the Federal elections coming up in July, the voting as close as expect it to be — a juicy scandal could tip scales, is that the idea?"

"Elections have been and lost on less."

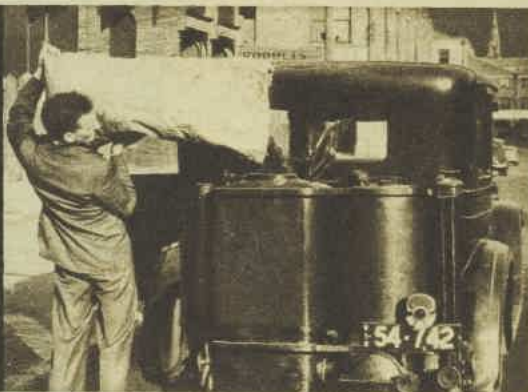
They had reached the trance to the shabby building that was Headquarters. As they out of the lift Leeds handed Malone the file. "Read then bring it back to me. Keep the carbon of it. Might need it in London. Don't let anyone here see it's top secret. At least for another week. The shouldn't be surprised Flannery has posters made and stuck up all over the place."

Malone took the file then found an empty seat sat down in one of

To page 37

# PETROL RATIONING IN AUSTRALIA

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## THE BOYFRIEND



"I think we'd better move before you dislocate your neck!"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JANUARY 1951



## THE HIGH COMMISSIONER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

uncomfortable chairs, opened the file and began his acquaintance with John Quentin, born Corliss, ambassador and murderer.

In a comfortable chair in a luxury apartment on the other side of the world, Madame Cholon looked out at the soft London drizzle of rain and nodded her head emphatically.

"The man to kill," she said, "is the Australian High Commissioner."

The three men with her said nothing. Two of them had learned not to answer her till she looked directly at them for comment; the third, Pallain, was still feeling his way with her. She stood up and, the silk legs of her tailored slacks hissing together, she crossed to stand by the window. She had been in England a month now and she hated its greyness, its wetness, and its cold.

"This conference is not going the way we want it." She spoke French, in a high soft voice, for the benefit of Pallain; she knew that he could speak Vietnamese, but she had never heard him speak anything but French or English. "Something has to be done to disrupt it. This man Quentin is the one who is now dominating it, so he is the obvious one to be eliminated. Do you not agree?"

**P**ALLAIN had more French in him than the other two men: his father had been a sergeant from Carcassonne who had died in the mad at Dien Bien Phu, leaving behind him a twenty-year-old son whose birth he greeted as much as his own death. "I don't see the point of killing the Australian."

"If he is killed, who is going to be accused of it? Not because no one knows of it. But everyone else with an interest in our country will suspect. The Americans will accuse the Chinese and the South Vietnamese and the Cong, the Catholics and the Buddhists. Why, even General de Gaulle might be suspected!" Her smooth coolgirl's face showed a coolgirl's spiteful humor.

"And as soon as suspicion is in, that is the end of the conference. The meeting will be adjourned. The r may stumble on, but we will be no real government in Saigon, just as there has not been for the last two years. Anarchy is climate we want."

"It may not be easy," said Pallain. "I mean, killing the Australian."

The other two men nodded. Along Tho and Pham Chinh were both small men, and French blood in them was generations old and poor at that. They were strangers to murder, but they were strangers to London and the big city made them ill at ease and even a little frightened.

"I love to gamble," said Madame Cholon. "But I do think the odds in this case have to be against us."

The three men knew whom betting would be against: themselves, not Madame Cholon. Pallain said, "London has a very clean record when it comes to assassinations."

Then it is time its record spoiled. The English are snug about their dull way of life. Reading their newspapers, one would think the rest of the world was made up of barbarians. Pallain hid his smile, recognising a barbarian when he saw one and being afraid of her. "How soon do you think Quentin — er — eliminated? We shall have to plant."

"Naturally," said Madame Cholon, her voice tart with contempt for the dullards she had to employ. In the street below she heard the tinkling of an ice-cream van's bell, and in her homesick ear it sounded like an echo of the temple bells along the Mekong River.

John James Quentin (Corliss):

Born: Tumburumba, New South Wales, July 15, 1915.

Parents: Peter Corliss and Ida Fahey Corliss died in car accident October 12, 1925. Corliss, only child, then raised by aunt, Mira Fahey, spinster, who died January 22, 1934.

Corliss moved to Sydney February, 1934, joined Metropolitan Water, Sewerage, and Drainage Board as trainee surveyor.

Married Freda Wiseman, previously Weitzmann, August 20, 1936. No children of marriage. Weitzmann had arrived in Australia alone from Vienna January, 1936. No relatives of hers have been traced.

Stabbed corpse of Freda Corliss discovered by neighbor December 9, 1941. One wound in right breast, inflicted by sewing scissors.

Corliss disappeared. Reappeared as John Quentin May 12, 1942, date of voluntary enlistment in Royal Australian Navy at Perth, Western Australia.

Married Sheila Redmond, daughter of Leslie Redmond and Elizabeth Cousins Redmond, both deceased, Perth, July 10, 1942. No children of marriage.

"Would you please fasten your seat belts? We shall be landing at London Airport."

Malone closed the file and put it back in his briefcase. It was a comprehensive file, sixty pages thick, a monument to the diligence of the researcher. On the trip over Malone had read it three times, reading it at night when the passenger beside him had been asleep.

Over the years he had come to appreciate that the less you know about a man, the less you were involved emotionally when it came to bring him in. Now, however, a personality was hidden behind the typed facts; and, despite himself, Malone was intrigued by it. And for a policeman that way could lead to headaches.

The flight had been delayed for hours by storms in Zurich, and now it was late afternoon as he rode in the airport bus to London. He checked in at a hotel in Kensington. The affable Irish porter showed him to his room.

"Would you be on business, sir?" he asked.

"No, holiday," Malone took out his notebook and looked at an address. "Is Belgrave Square far from here?"

The porter put down the bags. "Not far, sir." He gave Malone directions on how to get to Belgrave Square and went out of the room, wondering why a man who stayed in a thirty-bob bed-and-breakfast room and who gave only a shilling tip should have posh friends in Belgrave.

Malone showered, changed into the light grey suit he had brought as a concession to the English summer, looked at his watch, and decided to go and see Quentin at once. He had already made up his mind that he would confront Quentin with the arrest warrant at his home and not at his office at Australia House. He had never arrested a public official before and he did not want to be too public about it. Seven

o'clock. The High Commissioner would probably be home now.

Riding in the taxi toward Belgrave, Malone tried to rehearse what he would say to Quentin. How did you face a man, secure in a new life and a new identity, almost impregnable behind the importance of his office, with a crime that was distant in time and place, ten thousand miles and twenty-three years from here and now?

The taxi pulled in before the big four-storeyed house. He was surprised at its size. But this was diplomatic territory; above almost every entrance there jutted a white flagpole. The heavily elegant cliff-faces of the houses hid secrets that exercised the British Government; but none of them held such a secret as this house behind him. He turned, hesitated, then pressed the bell firmly.

The door was opened by a butler. When he spoke his voice had a foreign tinge to it, and at once Malone thought he had come to the wrong address.

"Is this the home of the Australian High Commissioner?"

"It is, sir. May we ask whom you wish to see?" "The High Commissioner. My name is Malone and I have a special message for him from the Premier of New South Wales."

The butler looked suspiciously at him, then he stood aside, opening the door wider. Malone stepped into an entrance hall and waited while the butler did a slow march toward the rear of the house. Malone shifted his feet nervously in the thick carpet of the hall, feeling awkward. Suddenly he wanted this business of Quentin over and done with quickly. He would come back in his old age and look at London.

The butler came back with a girl.

"I am the High Commissioner's secretary," she said, and she, too, had a slight accent. "What was it you wanted?"

"I have a personal message from the Premier of New South Wales." He had no such thing; but he had not expected it to be so difficult to get in to see Quentin.

"I'm sorry, but the High Commissioner is busy. Could you not come to Australia House tomorrow?"

Malone shook his head, trying not to appear too stubborn. He liked the look of the girl: tall, good-looking, blonde, and with a rare poise about her. "The message is urgent and important."

The girl looked at the butler, and Malone read the message that passed between them. They think I'm some crank! He was appalled at the idea, remembering his own impatience as a policeman with cranks.

"Just tell the High Commissioner that I've come from Tumburumba."

The girl raised an eyebrow, as if recognising for the first time that Malone was accustomed to some authority. Without a word, but with a nod of warning to the butler, she turned and went back along the hall. Malone and the butler stood watching each other in the huge mirror. Then the girl came back.

"This way, Mr. —"

"Malone." "Mr. Malone. The High Commissioner will see you." Her poise had been cracked a little; there was no mistaking the surprise she felt that the ambassador had agreed to see this crank.

She led Malone down the hall, pushed open a door, and

stood aside. "Mr. Malone, sir, from Tumburumba."

"We are not to be disturbed, Lisa," said the man standing in front of the marble-fronted fireplace. "By anyone."

The girl closed the door. Malone, feeling more awkward than he had ever felt in his life before, stood watching the man across the room from him. He was taller than Malone had expected, and slimmer. His thick, wavy hair, brushed close to his head, and his moustache were grey. The wide, sensitive mouth looked as if it knew the exercises of humor, and the dark blue eyes looked as if they, too, could smile with enjoyment. But not now: eyes and mouth were both stiff with suspicion.

"What is it, Mr. Malone?" Quentin's voice, Malone guessed, would normally have been deep and pleasant. Now it was strained, a little high: the Australian accent was evident, the vowels flattened. "My secretary said you were from Tumburumba."

"I'm from Sydney, sir. Detective-Sergeant Malone." He produced his badge, glad of the opportunity to do so; for the time being there was no longer any need for secrecy. "I'm sorry, Mr. Quentin, but I have a warrant for your arrest for the murder of your wife, Freda."

Quentin, for all the stiff suspicion in his face, had been standing at ease before the fireplace. Now all at once he seemed to wilt: years piled into his face like grey blood and he looked his age and more.

"Tumburumba — what a password!"

"I had to try something, sir. Your secretary is quite a watch-dog."

"But not quite good enough. I should have warned her about policemen. I've often wondered what I would say to you when you came. Somehow it was a speech that never got written. And I'm said to be a very good speaker."

"I'd save it for the trial, sir. I'm supposed to warn you."

"I know, Sergeant. But anything I may say now won't help you very much. You wouldn't be here unless you had a watertight case. You don't go around arresting ambassadors to keep up your monthly quota, do you?"

He smiled without rancor. As quickly as he had wilted he was now becoming philosophical. His voice had deepened, come under control again; the Australian accent was still there but less evident, the vowels were being given their full value. He moved toward a side table on which stood a decanter and glasses. "A sherry? Or don't you drink on duty?"

"Where I grew up, sir, sherry isn't considered a drink. It's something you flavor jelly or trifle with."

"I admire your sense of occasion. Sherry is for vicars and old ladies." He put down the decanter, pulled a cord hanging beside the fireplace. "I must have grown up in the same sort of circles as you, Sergeant. A pity I ever left them. I wonder what Tumburumba is like now?"

There was a knock at the door and the butler opened it. Quentin ordered scotch, then turned back to Malone as the door closed again. He moved to a high-backed leather armchair and sat down. He gestured at the room about him, and Malone, looking about him for the first time, saw that it was a small library. On a small desk a woman looked with calm eyes from out of a silver frame. "This is my retreat. A diplomat needs somewhere

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## DRESS SENSE

by  
**BETTY  
KEEP**



● 3741.—Shift in teenage sizes 10T, 12T, 14T, and 16T for 30, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 3741. Price 50c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders.

● This ruffle-trimmed shift is my design choice for an Adelaide teenage reader. An easy-to-make pattern is available for the design.

**H**ERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"I would like a teenage design to make from 3 yards of 36-inch cotton that has the appearance of lace. I want a plain frock with some little trim and long sleeves. I like nice clothes, but I'm not the way-out type. I am 15, have a 30-inch bust, and dark hair worn in a '30s bob."

My design choice, illustrated above, is a shift with a self-ruffle on the yoke seam. A pattern, specially proportioned for the teenage figure, is available for the design. Beside the illustration are how-to-order details.

"Could you suggest something new and summery for a skirt to wear with a shirt? I am 15."

I suggest a skirt made in a printed cotton. Choose an all-over pattern in orange and black and wear it with a long-sleeved shirt in orange cotton.

"I'm wearing a white dress to a 21st birthday party. Would it be correct to wear gold accessories — bag and shoes?"

Silver kid is the newest thing for party accessories.

"I love mini-length skirts, but I have a long scar on one of my legs; otherwise they are good. Should I wear a skirt-line to cover the scar?"

You could wear a mini-skirt over flesh-colored tights. As an alternative, you might try a liquid leg make-up.

"Can a young widow wear a formal gown at her second marriage?"

No, you are a bride only once. But there is nothing to say you can't wear a white floor-length dress and small pillbox.

"Does it look old-fashioned to wear a one-piece bathing costume?"

No. The one-piece swimsuit in light-textured stretch fabric is very new and flattering, too. Newest designs have low-cut backs and are made in vivid-colored prints.

"Would chiffon be suitable for a party shift?"

I like to look feminine and thought this idea would suit my type."

Yes, it would, and I think a chiffon shift could look outrageously feminine. Have the shift made with fullness falling from a high square yoke and finished with long sleeves. Long sleeves are returning to fashion.

"I want to buy some colored lacy stockings to wear with a white dress for an informal evening party. What color for the stockings and shoes?"

If you wear textured stockings in the evening they should be pale and in a fine delicate design. My choice to wear with a white dress would be a pale subtle beige paired off with white shoes.



# Mrs. H. WIFE



# THE HIGH COMMISSIONER

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he can lock himself away for an hour or so every day just so he can be himself. All day and every day, and every night, too, almost, you're being someone else. Mr. Australia, if you like, or whatever country you represent. You need some time each day just so you can check your own identity, make sure there's some of the original man left." He sighed and looked up at Malone, still standing. "I've spent almost twenty-four years trying to lose the original man. John Corliss, that is. How did you get on to him?"

Malone told him about the political research worker. "I don't know who gave them the tip-off.

It could have been someone who recognised you from years ago."

Quentin nodded. "It's been a long wait. Somehow I always knew the day would come. I've changed in appearance. My hair went grey during the war, then afterward I grew this moustache. But you never feel you're really changed, you see yourself from the inside—"

They were interrupted by the return of the butler with the drinks. "Madame asks: will you be long, sir?"

"Not long, Joseph." Quentin waited till the butler had gone out of the room. He poured himself and Malone a drink each. "When this matter comes out into the

open, Joseph is the one who's going to disapprove of me more than anyone else. There's no such thing as a butler, and a Hungarian butler is the worst of the lot."

"I wondered about his accent. And your secretary's, too." Malone held up his glass, then lowered it. "Sorry. I was going to drink to your health."

Quentin smiled wryly. "Thank you. I'm glad they sent a man with some sensitivity." He raised his own glass and they drank silently to each other. Then Quentin said, "Yes, about my secretary. She's Dutch. A Dutch Australian. She was out there for seven or eight years. Joseph's never been there and somehow I gather he's glad of the fact. I inherited him from my predecessor." He sipped his drink, put down his glass, and looked up at Malone. "I'm just talking, Sergeant. Putting off the evil moment or whatever it is. What's the next move?"

Malone told him. "We'd like it if it can be done as quietly as possible. I can get an extradition order from the court here if I insist—"

"There won't be any need for that. I'll go quietly, as the saying is."

"Could you be ready to leave tomorrow?"

QUENTIN'S chin came up. "When? Sergeant, don't read the newspapers? I'm in the middle of a conference, an important one—"

"I know, sir. But I'm afraid haven't been given much discretion in the matter. They want you back in Sydney at once."

"Who does? The police? Or is it Flannery?" Malone hesitated, then nodded. Quentin went on. "You know why he's doing this, don't you?"

"I had it explained to me."

"Not by him, I'll bet. He's too shrewd to commit himself so far in front of a stranger. You're a stranger to him, aren't you?"

"Very much so."

Quentin looked directly at Malone. "Sergeant, I can't afford to leave here for at least another four or five days. This conference you know what it's about, it's to settle a cease-fire in Vietnam. It's much more important than or Flannery. Or even my first wife."

"I appreciate all that—But not my decision—"

"Whose is it?"

"The Commissioner's."

"Get on to him, phone him. Tell him I promise to stay here quietly but I must stay here until this conference is finished."

"How do you know it will be finished in four or five days?"

Quentin gestured, a motion already suggested lack of hope. "If it isn't—well, Vietnam then will have about as much future as I have. We'll both have reached the end of our road."

"Why is it so important to you stay?"

Quentin was patient. "I'm Australia's leading representative at the conference. In the next course of events it would be Minister for External Affairs. He's still in Canberra, ill. None of the Cabinet Ministers know much about South-East Asia, do they? Some of them know nothing about it. So I was pitched into the job." He looked at Malone. "How much do you know about international politics?"

"Not much," Malone admitted. "A policeman's problems are usually too close to home. It's hard to get any sort of perspective, find time to be interested in anything to that."

"That's the way it is with ninety per cent of the world population. They read the papers but they don't really care. There are several interests I don't want a cease-fire in Vietnam. If this conference could be interrupted, adjourned, called off altogether, that would please them more. I'm boasting, Sergeant, but I am the one at this conference."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 11



ing and telling me how long it will be?"

He hung up and Malone said, "If the Commissioner OKs this, you know I can't let you out of my sight for those four or five days. Technically you're already under arrest."

"You won't trust me?" "Don't put it like that, Mr. Quentin. He was coming to like this man more than he should."

The phone rang and Quentin picked it up. After a few words he looked at Malone. "The call will be through in twenty minutes. I have to get dressed now. There's a reception at one of the African embassies. Do you want to come with me?"

"Am I dressed for it?" Quentin looked at the pale grey suit, the blue nylon shirt, and the tie that looked like an aunt's present. "At the risk of offending you, Sergeant, I don't think you're dressed for anything in London. Where do you buy your clothes back home?"

"The first shop I come to. I've never been much of a dresser."

"I admire your modesty, but you certainly speak the truth. Have you ever worn tails?" Malone shook his head. "You're going to tonight. We're about the same size, you can wear my spare set. What size shoes do you take?"

"Eight and a half. I haven't got policeman's feet."

"The same size as mine. You can step into my shoes tonight, Sergeant, have a look at my world. You might understand why I'm going to be reluctant to leave it. It has its drawbacks, but I enjoy it."

"I don't want to crowd you, sir — I'll wait outside."

"If I'm to keep you here in London longer than you expected, I'll see you get more out of it than waiting around in doorways."

"What will your wife say? I mean about lending me your clothes? Won't she ask some awkward questions?"

"She never asks too many questions. A diplomat's wife learns not to. Then he sighed. 'There'll be enough questions after I've told her who you really are.'"

"Diplomatic receptions are very much like women's tea parties, only a little more elegant and epigrammatic."

Lisa Pretorius stood beside him, her tanned shoulders and arms offset by the pale pink of her gown. A South African second secretary went by, all teeth and wink, and she gave him a cool smile that was both an acknowledgement and a rebuff. "Don't you go to them in Canberra?"

Malone shook his head. "I'm known back home for my undiplomatic behaviour, so I'm never invited."

"They should invite you. You look quite decorative in tails." She looked him up and down. "I'm quite proud to have you as my escort. When Mr. Quentin suggested it—"

"You thought I'd be wearing my own suit?" She nodded, and now it was his turn to look her up and down. "Don't you diplomatic types ever blush? You've just insulted me —"

"I'm not a diplomatic type. I'm just a private secretary. But one learns the tricks. Any diplomat who blushed would be out of a

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

job at once," she said smiling.

"You could be a little more diplomatic in telling me I've got no taste."

"Mr. Malone, I was born in Holland and I've spent seven years in Australia — my formative years, if you like to call them that. What sort of training is that for subtlety?" Suddenly he laughed and she smiled in return. "That grey suit of yours is pretty awful, you know. I think you should understand why I was so suspicious of you, why I didn't want you to see the High Commissioner."

"What's he like to work for?"

"The best boss I've ever had. I hope Mr. Quentin remains High Commissioner for years."

Across the room Malone saw Quentin and his wife moving slowly from group to group, from Africa to Asia to the Americas: everywhere they were greeted with genuine smiles of welcome. "Is he popular?"

She nodded. "He's considered to be the best man Australia's ever had in London. But I don't think they really appreciate that back home."

"No," he said. He changed the subject quickly: "You're Dutch, but you think of Australia as home, do you?"

"My parents are settled there, in Melbourne. They'll never come back to Europe. So I look on Australia as home."

"I guess so," said Malone, and wondered where Quentin thought of his roots as being planted. Tumburumba, Sydney, Perth, Canberra, London: the man had been on the run all his life.

Then a thin elderly woman drew Lisa back into the crowd with her, leaving Malone alone.

He looked about the room. A Pakistani and a Bolivian went by, continents arm in arm; Italy flirted with Iran. He was discovering for the first time what it was like to be a foreigner.

"Don't get too involved over there," Leeds had said on the phone when the call had come through. "I'll see what Flannery says about the extra time Quentin has asked for. I'll try to talk him into it. But don't forget, Scobie — you're a policeman on duty for all those extra days."

"I know, sir. Polite but impersonal."

"That's the ticket. I'll call you back in four hours' time, let you know the score. Where will you be staying?"

"Mr. Quentin said I can stay here at his house. They have several guestrooms."

"I guess you'll have to stay there to keep an eye on him. I'll ring you."

Then Malone had followed Quentin upstairs, where Joseph the butler had taken him over.

When he was dressed Malone had looked at himself in the long mirror and been impressed by what he saw. The coat was a little tight under the arms, but otherwise everything might have been tailored for him. Even the shoes had fitted.

He had gone downstairs and Quentin, his wife, and Lisa Pretorius had been waiting in the hall for him.

"You look most distinguished, Mr. Malone," Sheila Quentin had said, and Malone had felt a youthful glow of pleasure: he had never expected in all his life to be called distinguished.

"Would you be kind enough to escort Miss Pretorius?" Sheila Quentin had said; and Malone had offered his arm to the cool lovely

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# Passing Fancy

By DEREK TAYLOR

**He had an eye for all pretty girls, but this one obsessed him**



THE young woman with the dog haunted George Portlandis from the first moment he saw her. She excited him, annoyed him, and drove him to frustration.

George, in his fifties, adored beautiful women. And, being wealthy, he spent a small fortune surrounding himself with them. His elegantly furnished bachelor home in Franklin Terrace was filled with beautiful women in every shape and form.

His name was known and greeted with a sly rubbing of hands by practically every art and antique dealer in London. And with regret and bitterness by practically every woman he had known.

George just could not resist a beautiful woman, whether on canvas, in bronze, silver, or ebony, or in the flesh. He boasted: "If I want them, I get them."

He had just stopped his car outside Franklin Terrace when he first saw the girl with the dog. She was in her early twenties, slim, and graceful. Her features were clean cut, like his bronze figurines of the ancient Greek goddesses. She wore an expensive mini-dress and was exercising a magnificent saluki dog.

George stared. She walked slowly by without glancing at him, and he felt his pulse quicken.

That night George lay in bed staring at the paintings of beautiful women that hung on the walls. His mind drifted back to every girl he had known.

Rosie Howkins from his own Dorset village, who had tried to force him into marriage because of an unfortunate indiscretion on his part . . . the society women . . . even a duchess numbered among his conquests.

There were dozens. Yet none could compare with the girl with the saluki. He made up his mind that he would not rest until he got to know her.

But George soon found that making a conquest of his "goddess" was not easy.

No one could tell him her name, or where she lived. She just seemed to appear from nowhere each evening at dusk.

Twice he slipped out and followed the girl, but each time he lost her. Yet the

more he thought about her, the more he desired her. She was almost like an affront to his carefully built reputation.

Then, one evening, as he stood at his window watching her walk slowly by, she dropped a gold locket and chain on the pavement. It slipped from her neck when she bent to adjust the dog's collar.

George hurried from the house, not even bothering to close the front door. Now, at last, he had an excuse for speaking to her.

But when he reached the pavement she had disappeared. He snatched up the locket and stared at it for a moment. It was heart-shaped, quite old, and commonplace. Not the type of thing he would have expected her to wear.

George sprinted down the street. He stopped at the corner, just in time to see her disappearing round the next. He ran again. Stopped again. And cursed when she was nowhere in sight. But he had to find her.

The feeling that he had allowed his emotions to get the better of him had annoyed him since he had first seen her. It was something that had happened only once before — more than 20 years ago with Rosie, the publican's daughter.

But now he did not care. All he wanted was to catch the girl up; to talk to her.

At the next junction he saw her standing at the end of the street. But this time, before she disappeared, she paused and stared at him.

George gasped. Then he smiled. She was having a game with him. She wanted him to chase her.

Perhaps this was what she

had planned — the reason for her passing his window each evening with the dog. He looked at the locket again, wondering if she had dropped it on purpose.

His eyes narrowed and he strode swiftly along the street. But at every corner, the girl was just out of distance. Then, suddenly, the chase was over. He sprinted down an alley that led into a main road. And there she was, on the platform of a bus with the dog. As he gazed helplessly after her, she smiled.

It suddenly occurred to him that he was a long way from Franklin Terrace, and he started for home. She had led him a gallop all right, and with every step he became more angry.

The image of a goddess faded. No woman was going to treat him like that. As far as he was concerned, the matter was ended. But when he reached his home George Portlandis received another shock. His front door was still open — and the house had been ransacked.

George ran from room to room, almost in tears. Not a single painting. Everything had gone.

The girl! She had tricked him — deliberately led him on a wild goose chase.

He was still clasp the locket and chain, and for a moment or two he sat staring at it, aware now that it stirred vague memories.

With trembling fingers he opened the locket and looked inside. Then George Portlandis understood why the girl had haunted him. In the locket was a photograph of Rosie Howkins.

(Copyright)



blonde who was looking at him with new, almost unbelieving, interest.

"If you'll have me," he said as the Quentins went ahead of them out the front door to the waiting car.

"I wouldn't have recognised you as the man I let in a while ago," Lisa had said.

Her smile had taken the ice out of her remark. But she knows I'm an outsider, Malone had thought.

Now here at the reception he felt even more of an outsider. Then through an open arch he saw a waiter go past bearing a tray of food; his stomach reminded him he had not eaten for almost nine hours. He followed the waiter. The supper room was almost deserted but for a few disguised journalists and two Negro men in evening dress.

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"Enjoying yourself?" The older of the two men, tall and portly and cheerful, had a voice as rich as that of Quentin's butler; but he had none of the servant's snobbery, he was a man born to be friendly.

"Not much," said Malone with undiplomatic truthfulness; hunger always sharpened one's candor. Then he remembered that he was in an African embassy, that the men beside him were colored. "Do you belong here?"

"I'm the ambassador. I'm not enjoying it, either." He laughed, a deep gurgle of merriment. The younger Negro, lighter skinned and thinner, smiled with more controlled humor. The ambassador was piling a plate with food. "But the

food is good. Help yourself. Where are you from?"

"Australia," said Malone, and saw the younger Negro look at him with sudden interest.

"With Quentin? A splendid chap. He'll be the one to make a success of this conference. If it's going to be a success."

"You don't think it will be?" Malone followed him round the table, using the ambassador's plate as his example.

"Champagne? The wages of sin and diplomacy, Bollinger '55. Back in my country I'm expected to drink a concoction made out of tropical fruits. We call it Chateau-neuf-du-Papaya. Terrible stuff."

"Jungle juice," said the younger Negro in a soft American accent. "The Aussies used to make it and sell it to our guys in New Guinea."

"Really? I'm surprised you won the war. Well, now I have to find somewhere quiet to eat this." The ambassador looked at the heaped plate, then winked at a piebald eye at them both. "My father died of gluttony, a surfeit of underdone missionary. What a pity he didn't live to appreciate the fruits of independence."

He went rolling out of the room, chuckling to himself. Malone grinned and the younger Negro said, "His father went to Oxford just as he did. Periodically he takes a course in atavism, to come down to the level of some of his politicians back home."

"Do you work for him?"

"I'm like you, a guest here. The name is Jamaica."

"You're an American?" Jamaica nodded. "I haven't seen you around before. Are you here just for the conference?"

Malone nodded. "I expect to be going back at the end of the week."

"You think it'll be finished then?"

"Don't you?" Jamaica shrugged. Across the room the journalists watched tentatively, their stares hidden behind their champagne glasses. But Jamaica ignored them, all his attention was on Malone.

"Your man Quentin is a good one for compromise, isn't he?"

"You Americans don't like compromise, do you?"

"You Australians aren't in position to be too independent."

"No," said Malone. "That's probably why Quentin is planning for compromise."

"You'd better be careful. Jamaica's voice was even, but less: you could read into it an emphasis you wished. Malone read a warning, close to a threat, and turned his head sharply, ask Jamaica what he meant. The American was already walking away. "I'll see you around."

## M

MALONE stared at him. Then Malone was aware someone moving along the supper table toward him.

Across the room one of the journalists had taken a step forward, but had stopped when he saw the small oriental woman moving toward the Australian.

"Who's the woman?" a journalist whispered to one of his colleagues.

"Search me."

At the supper table Malone turned as the woman spoke to him. "You are an Australian, I believe. Are you here for the conference?"

Out of the corner of his eye Malone saw Jamaica had been for a moment beyond the door and looked back. Had he wanted Malone to be careful of the woman? If so, why?

"Sort of." He gazed frankly at this woman with the schoolgirl face. There was an innocence about her that seemed incongruous with the sophistication of the fitting long gown she wore. Her ao dais exposed almost nothing

## FROM THE BIBLE

● Let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting away the breastplate of faith and love; and for our helmet, the hope of salvation."

—1 Thessalonians 5: 8

of her but a shimmer of leg. It was more revealing than the other gown Malone had seen that night. "My name's Malone. Please to meet you."

"Pleased to meet you—I have never heard that greeting before. It is so much friendlier than 'How do you do.' I am Madame Cholon."

Eyed by the curious journalists they moved out of the room onto a terrace that overlooked a garden. Beyond, London was a dull gold reflection on the clouds, silent as a faraway nation.

"This road used to be called 'Millionaires' Row.' Madame Cholon pointed to the huge mansions on either side. She was with long-nailed fingers at a bunch of grapes. "Then the bassies moved in here. Governments are the only ones with these days. But then you government man, are you as far as me?"

"I have heard there is very corruption in Australian government. Where I come from, it is suspect if he is not corrupt."

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# Enjoy Life free from HEADACHE

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# COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

A GREY-AND-WHITE plate which I own has scrollwork and flowers around the edge and a scene in the centre showing a bridge spanning a waterway. At one end of the bridge is a high castle type of building which runs back to the hills. There is also a cloud formation with either the sun or moon in front. The trademark, which is in blue, looks like a beehive with clusters of blossom and the word "Rhine" on the ribbon. The plate came from an old German home.—Mrs. F. D. Michael, Colonel Light Gardens, S.A.

The plate was made at the Hill Pottery,

Burslem. This pottery was established by Samuel Alcock and Co., of Cobridge, about 1828. Your plate was probably made about 1840 to 1850. "Rhine" refers to the design which is transfer-printed under the glaze.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE an 18th-century English clock brought to Australia about 100 years ago by my grandfather Mr. H. E. Finckh, a watchmaker and jeweller, of King Street, Sydney.

It is believed to have been the property of his grandfather in Stuttgart, Germany.

On the face, above the attachment of the hands, are the words "Bentley and Beck"; and below, "Royal Exchange, London" with the numbers 1616 beneath it. We wondered if 1616 was the date. I would be interested to hear your opinion.—Dr. D. A. Holt, Northbridge, N.S.W.

The numerals 1616 are a firm record number and not the date of your clock. Pendulum clocks were not made before 1657. Christian Huygens, the Dutch astronomer, was the first person on record to apply the pendulum successfully to a clock mechanism. Bracket clocks first made their appearance about 1670. I think your clock is an 18th-century English bracket clock made about 1775 to 1785.

● 18th-century clock.



## THE HIGH COMMISSIONER

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"Where do you come from?"

"Out East," said Madame Cholon, and Malone remarked the easiness. He looked toward the doorway to see if Jamaica was still watching them; but the American had disappeared.

"That covers a lot of territory, Out East."

"Yes, doesn't it?" said Madame Cholon, and smiled. She had seen his tall, socially awkward man arrive with the Australian High Commissioner and she wondered if he would be returning to Belgrave Square when Quentin returned there. Pallain, Pham Thinh, and Truong Tho would want as few witnesses as possible when they killed Quentin.

"Do you gamble, Mr. Malone?"

Malone looked at her in surprise. "Once or twice a year I might bet on a horse."

"No, I mean chemin de fer or baccarat."

"Those games are illegal where come from. Anyhow, what gambler ever finishes up in front?"

"Some of us do," she said. "You should try your luck some time."

"Not at baccarat."

"What are you, Mr. Malone? Are you on Mr. Quentin's staff?" Madame Cholon asked, suddenly changing the subject.

"Let's just say I'm attached to him."

"Too attached to be allowed a right off?" This man was not so stupid after all. If he was a security officer, some sort of bodyguard for Quentin, then she did not want him on hand when the attempt was made to assassinate Quentin.

She had to take a risk. He smiled, employing all the subtle charm she had acquired professionally over the past twenty years. "I want to go gambling, Mr. Malone. There is a club in Mayfair, but ladies are not allowed in unescorted. It is very English."

"Better try someone else, Madame Cholon. I'm not in the Mayfair class with my salary."

"What is your salary, Mr. Malone?"

He raised his eyebrows. He had once read that the Asians had very different ideas on privacy from those of the Europeans, but he had never been asked a question as blunt as this before, not even by the Chinese opium smugglers he had met before he had gone on to the Murder Squad. "I don't know."

"But not much?" Diamonds on her fingers winked derisively at him as she raised a hand to the pearls at her throat.

"It all depends on how you look at it. But, anyway, you'd better ask someone else, Madame Cholon." Then he saw Jamaica standing in the doorway watching them, and he nodded. "Ask that bloke. He's an American. They're richer than anyone else."

Madame Cholon looked toward Jamaica. "But he is colored!"

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## Heavenly Cheese Cake

Topped with thick clouds of whipped cream, Heavenly Cheese Cake tastes out of this world! There's no more versatile food than Cheese and no better Cheese than Australian Cottage and Cream Cheese, both of which make marvellous Cheese cakes. Heavenly Cheese Cake is a light and fluffy, easy-to-make version, ideal for warm weather entertaining.

### HEAVENLY CHEESE CAKE RECIPE

#### CRUMB CRUST

½ lb. Scotch Shortbread biscuits  
4 oz. butter.

Crush biscuits with rolling pin, then add melted butter. Mix thoroughly and press into a buttered 9" spring-form pan to come 1½" up sides.

#### FILLING:

##### IN DOUBLE SAUCEPAN COMBINE:

8 oz. Creamed Cottage Cheese  
½ cup sugar  
3 beaten yolks  
½ cup (2 oz.) milk  
Pinch of salt.  
Cook 10 minutes.

##### THEN BLEND IN:

1 tablespoon gelatine  
½ cup (2 oz.) cold water  
½ cup (2 oz.) lemon juice.

#### COOL MIXTURE:

Beat 3 whites, gradually adding ½ cup of castor sugar, till soft peak forms. Fold into cheese mixture then pour carefully over crumb crust. Refrigerate, and serve with whipped cream and strawberries as a dessert, or as a cake with coffee.

## Discover Australian Cheese



**AUSTRALIAN COTTAGE CHEESE**  
May be bland flavoured type with separate curd particles (American style) or more acid tasting, fine-textured Continental variety. Makes delicious cheese cakes, also savoury dips, spreads, hot savoury dishes and salads.



**AUSTRALIAN CREAMED COTTAGE**  
Mild-flavoured curd particles coated with cream to give extra moistness and flavour. Excellent for cheese cakes, in salads and with fresh raw fruit as a dessert. Also sandwiches, dips and hot savoury dishes.



**AUSTRALIAN RICOTTA**  
(Pronounced Ric-ah-ta). This Italian style cottage cheese with its fine, moist texture and bland sweet flavour is ideal in either sweet or savoury dishes. Try it in cheese cakes, spreads, dips, desserts and traditional Italian dishes.



**AUSTRALIAN CREAM CHEESE**  
A soft, smooth-textured cheese with a rich, mild flavour. Delicious in salads, savoury spreads and desserts, particularly cheese cakes.



Inserted in the interests of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Produce Board.



All at once he did not like this tiny beautiful woman who seemed so curiously interested in him. He put down his glass on the balustrade and took random aim at her: "You Vietnamese have never complained about the color of American money."

He knew he had guessed right: she was Vietnamese. She stared at him for a moment, then she said something that was foreign to him but which he well understood: as a policeman he had been sworn at enough to catch the intent if not the words.

"And the same to you," he said, and walked away from her. He passed Jamaica as he went through the open doors into the main room. The American looked directly at him and he stopped. "Who's that woman I've just left?"

Jamaica looked after Madame Cholon as she went quickly along the terrace and through a doorway into another room. "I was wondering that myself."

He's lying, Malone thought. "Let me know if you find out," said Malone, left him and went on into the room.

Sheila Quentin came toward him. "We are leaving, Mr. Malone. My husband is feeling very tired. Perhaps you would like to stay on?"

"No, I'm tired, too." They began to move across the room. "Did you bring some bad news for my husband, Mr. Malone?" she asked.

"Why?" "He was quite cheerful when he came home this evening. Confident the conference was going the right way. But now—" She looked up at him. "What sort of message did you bring him from Canberra?"

THEY were interrupted by two women, a Canadian and a German: Malone stood aside while the three women made arrangements for a committee to clothe the underprivileged of Stepney. Then he and Sheila Quentin moved on. "I think you'd better ask him."

"It's as secret as that, is it?"

"I'm afraid so." "And bad?" He hesitated, then nodded. "I'm sorry," he said, and was surprised at the depth of sincerity he felt.

"Do you always bring bad news?"

"Too often. They think I have the right personality for it."

"I hate you, Mr. Malone."

She smiled, and he warmed toward her. "But it's not your fault."

No, he thought, it's not my fault. He wondered whom she would hate when she found out whose fault it really was. Then they had reached Quentin and Lisa Pretorius, standing waiting for them just outside the entrance to the main room. Quentin did look tired. The two women looked at him with concern, but he managed to smile.

As the Quintens and Lisa went ahead of him out of the big entrance hall Malone looked back. On the other side of the big room Madame Cholon stood by the terrace door watching him, her gaze as cold and steady as that of a marksman taking aim. Jamaica was moving toward her: his face, too, had the look of a hunter.

Pallain sat in the rented black car. He had learned the advantages of having several passports and driving licences, and the car had been rented in the name of Pierre Martin. He had never liked the risk of using a stolen car on a job: it was always best to stay within the law as much as possible; in a stolen car you always stood the risk of being picked up. The car would

be abandoned after they had made their getaway and it could never be traced to Jean-Pierre Pallain. The deposit would be lost, but Madame Cholon was paying for that and fifteen pounds was nothing against the stakes she was playing for.

Pham Chinh rubbed a nervous finger down his cheek. "It is getting late. Don't these diplomats ever come home?"

"At least we're waiting in comfort. Pity poor Tho over there in the gardens."

He nodded across the square to the dark island of trees and shrubs in its centre. Truong Tho was there, the rifle with the telescopic sight cradled in his arms.

Pallain glanced at his watch. The square was deserted but for the occasional passing car or taxi. The car was parked at the end of Chesham Place where it entered the square; behind them was the German Embassy and across from them was the white portico of the Spanish Embassy. There was the mutter of German voices and two men in white raincoats went by without glancing at the car. London is made up of foreigners, Pallain thought; but there would be one less before the night was out.

Then the big black Rolls-Royce, AUS-1, went past, slowing to turn left into Belgrave Square and follow the one-way route round to the Australian High Commissioner's house on the south side of the square.

As the big limousine turned left into the square, Malone, sitting beside Lisa in one of the jump-seats, glanced casually out at the car parked close to the corner. He saw the two men in the front seat of the car turn their faces away, but not before he had caught a glimpse of the man behind the wheel. His brows puckered, the policeman in him at work. Why should two men, sitting in a parked car late at night, wish to avoid being seen? Then he shook his head and grinned. Leave it to the London bobbies: it was no concern of his.

The Rolls circled the Square, then glided into the kerb. The chauffeur, a middle-aged man with the build of a middleweight wrestler and a voice to match, switched off the engine, got out, and came round to open the door. Malone got out first, stopped and looked back along to where the parked car had now switched on its high-beam lights. The Rolls and the people getting out of it stood in a cone of light that threw them into relief against the darkness of the Square.

"Hold it a moment," said Malone, and he put a hand against Lisa's arm to stop her getting out. "Ferguson, get back in and switch on your lights. High beam."

Ferguson hesitated at being given orders by this newcomer, then he grunted, went back round the car, got in, and switched on the headlights. The beam blazed down toward Chesham Place; a taxi coming out of the street honked in furious protest. The cones of light from the two cars met in silent assault.

Across the road Truong Tho stood among the thick shrubs, his rifle resting on the heavy wire-netting fence. His eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, and when Pallain had switched on his car's lights as planned he wondered if they were really necessary. He raised the telescopic sight to his eye and in it saw the chauffeur go round and open the door of the big black car. A tall man in evening dress got out, stopped, and looked toward Pallain's car. Then the chauffeur came back round, got in, and switched on the Rolls-Royce's lights.

Truong Tho felt his hands begin to sweat and he

## THE HIGH COMMISSIONER

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blinked his eyes, trying to focus them into the unexpected blaze of light. Something had gone wrong, but he did not have time to consider it. Hazy, like figures behind frosted glass, he saw two women and another man alight. He aimed at the second man and squeezed the trigger.

Malone heard the bullet ping off the top of the Rolls. He yelled at Quentin and the women to duck; then he was running swiftly across the road toward the dark island of garden. He saw the car down at the corner switch off its lights, then its engine roared, and with a squeal of tyres it swung into the square and went speeding round the other side of the garden. Malone didn't see the wire fence. Brought up in a city where all the gardens were public, he plunged toward what he thought was a break in the shrubbery.

He hit the fence and bounced back, sprawling on the pavement. He swore, picked himself up, and ran toward the eastern curve of the garden. He heard a

time — if there is a next time — is just as bad. And don't forget — not a word to anyone."

The Rolls eased away and Quentin looked at Malone. "We'd better see to that cut on your face," he said as he led the way into the house.

"You're all right, darling?" Sheila Quentin grasped her husband's arm. They stood together oblivious of the others in the hall, like lovers meeting after a long separation. Malone saw the anguish on Sheila's face and felt sick. This woman was going to die when she finally learned what Quentin had done, that she was going to lose him.

Then Lisa came forward. "You've been hurt, Mr. Malone!"

The next few minutes was a confusion of Joseph, the butler, being sent for hot water and sticking plaster, of both women ushering Malone into the living-room with such solicitude that he felt he should have at least lost an arm, of Quentin bringing him a scotch.

Then the policeman



"It doesn't give me that special look a woman gets when she knows she looks her best."

screech of brakes on the far side of the Square; then he came round the curve of the garden. The black car was gathering speed again, disappearing into one of the streets that came in on the north side of the Square. He pulled up, knowing the gunman was now in the car and was gone.

He made his way back toward the house, limping a little. He heard the thud-thud of heavy boots and as he crossed the road a uniformed policeman came running up to the entrance of the house. The two women had gone inside, but Quentin and the chauffeur stood beside the car, on the lee side from the garden.

"I heard a shot—" Then the policeman turned with Quentin and Ferguson as Malone limped up to them.

"They got away. That car down there must have been waiting for him. And spotlighting us into the bargain."

"I'll phone the Yard, sir." The policeman made a gesture toward the front door. "May I use your phone?"

Quentin nodded and the policeman went into the house past Sheila and Lisa, who now stood in the doorway. Then Quentin looked at Ferguson. "That will be all for tonight, Tom. And don't broadcast what has happened. I don't want this to be in the newspapers. Same time tomorrow morning. Good night."

Ferguson touched his cap. "Night, sir. I'm glad they missed."

"So am I," Quentin smiled wryly; he seemed undisturbed by the attempt on his life. "Let's hope their aim next

knocked on the door. "Someone is coming from Special Branch, sir. They shouldn't be long. In the meantime I'll go across and have a look around the garden, just in case he dropped the gun."

Lisa began to bathe the cut on Malone's chin. He could smell the perfume she wore. He looked beyond her, focusing his gaze on the room around them. He recognised the two paintings on the walls: a Dobell and a Drysdale. The furnishings here were richer than in the other two rooms of the house that Malone had seen. He lay back on the Thai silk cushions of the lounge where he sat; he was being trapped in a quicksand of luxury. He sat up quickly, his cheek bumping against Lisa's arm, and looked over her shoulder at Quentin.

"Have you any idea who might have taken a shot at you?"

Quentin shook his head. He looked worried, but somehow Malone knew that it was not worry for himself: it was almost as if he thought of the assassination as something impersonal. If the bullet had struck home, it might have solved the personal problem. But it hadn't.

"The important thing is, I don't think anyone should be allowed to make political capital out of it. If this should have anything to do with the conference — well, that's why I want it kept out of the papers." He looked steadily at Malone. "I should imagine you'd want it kept quiet, too."

"What's going on between you two?" Sheila looked curiously from one man to the other.

"Nothing, darling—really!" "Don't tell me nothing!" Mr. Malone arrives out of nowhere, none of us knows he's even coming—" She looked at Malone. "It was almost as if you didn't expect yourself to come here. Where's your luggage?"

Malone was held dumb by Lisa's fingers as she pressed the sticking-plaster on his chin. Quentin answered for him: "Sheila, we'll talk about it later."

"Darling," she had calmed down again; she put a hand on his arm. "You might have been killed tonight. Do you blame me for asking what's going on? Why should something like this happen the very night the—forgive me—she looked again at Malone — the mysterious Mr. Malone arrives? I don't want to pry into government affairs, but why are you two so secretive?"

Malone, still aware of the closeness of Lisa, sat quiet, waiting for Quentin to answer his wife's question. Quentin, as if he were avoiding Malone's stare, looked down into his scotch and said, "Mr. Malone is a security man. That's all I can tell you."

"Secret Service?" Sheila sounded a little incredulous. Lisa, her medical aid done, stepped back, looked at Malone, and smiled. "Somehow one never thinks of Australians as spies."

Malone stood up. He went to open his mouth, to tell the truth, get it over and done with; then saw the look (of warning? Or of pleading?) on Quentin's face. He took a sip from his glass and said almost lamely, "I am not a spy. All I have to do is look after your husband, Mrs. Quentin."

"You mean you were expecting something like tonight to happen? Why should anyone want to kill my husband?"

In the end everything is personal to a woman, Malone thought. Viewed from her angle it meant nothing that her husband was his country's ambassador, that he was the influential man at a conference which, one way or another, was bound to have influence on the future of world peace. She could only see him as her husband: a wife had no diplomacy when she saw her marriage endangered. Malone looked at Quentin, a doomed man: Flannery was waiting for him in Sydney, someone outside in the London dark with a gun.

"I'll do my best to see it doesn't happen, Mrs. Quentin," he said.

Then Joseph knocked on the door. "There is a phone call from Sydney, sir, for Mr. Malone."

"We'll take it in the study," Quentin put down his glass. He looked like a man who had reached the end of his endurance: he was being shot at from near and far, they had got his range.

"Tell them you need more protection," Sheila said, then gestured helplessly. "Or ask them to recall you. Anything."

Quentin nodded and patted her arm reassuringly. Then he smiled slightly at Malone as he stood aside to let the latter go ahead out of the room. They went into the study, closing the door after them, and Quentin said, "Do you have to tell the Commissioner about tonight?"

Malone put his hand over the phone. "Scotland Yard will tell him as soon as they learn who I am. You shouldn't have told your wife I was a security man."

"What else could I say in front of Lisa?"

Malone stared at him for a moment, having no answer; then answered the operator.

Leeds came on the line, his voice shredded by static. "Scobie? I've seen our friend. He wasn't happy, but he's

agreed. On patriotic grounds. Despite the static the calm came through loud and clear. "When will the conference finish?"

"It almost finished last night," said Malone, and Leeds what had happened. "My first reaction is to bring him home at once, what comes first? Just patriotism?"

"I think we should stay here, sir," Malone said, admitting himself to Quentin. "Good luck," said Malone, safe on the other side of the world. "And be careful, don't want someone to potshots at you."

Malone hung up and looked at Quentin. "He left to me."

"I gathered that. Fitting more and more in debt."

"I'm a tough creature," said Malone, trying to sound like a liar. "Don't for too much more."

When they went back the living-room lights were gone, but two men were there with Sheila Quentin.

"Superintendent Detective Sergeant Coburn," Sheila regained her composure, had learned her lesson as a diplomat's wife, Scotland Yard."

"Special Branch," Denzil. He had a gruff voice, full of a false homie that could trick a wary prisoner. "Someone shot at you, sir. We're to put a stop to that."

"I'd appreciate it," Quentin, and Denzil looked at him, as if not certain of the High Commissioner's being ironic or not.

"The constable tells me found nothing over the gardens. But Sergeant Coburn is going over just to check."

Coburn nodded and out of the room. When the door closed behind Denzil said, "Mrs. Coburn tells me you are from Australian Security, Mr. Malone. Have you been in touch with anyone else at Special Branch?"

"Mr. Malone only tonight from Australia," Quentin said quickly.

Denzil nodded as if there were no excuse at all; you have any suspicion something like this happens to His Excellency?"

Malone looked at Quentin. "I think I'd better have words alone with the superintendent, sir."

"We'll be in the study," The Quintens went to the room, but they took of the tension that he felt with them. He moved the door, made sure it was closed, then turned to Denzil. Why couldn't he have sent a man with charity? he wondered to himself.

"I'm not a security man," he said flatly, and what Quentin was saying his wife in the room door. "I am a detective sergeant in the New Wales Police Force. I'm to arrest the High Commissioner on a charge of murder."

Denzil didn't even "That's rather awkward, to tell me more about it."

From the room next door Malone thought he heard a cry or perhaps it was agitation. If there had been a cry Denzil gave him that he had heard it.

"Will you be asking court warrant?" added.

Malone shook his head. "He's coming quietly, with a fuss."

"There'll be a fuss tonight's affair gets into newspapers."

"He doesn't want it in papers. There's a confession."

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Summer fun needs summer gear: paler lipstick, darker make-up, soothing moisturisers for tired skin, conditioners for sun-brittled hair. For the beach: bathing caps, beach bags, gorgeous straw hats, tan lotions, stunning sun glasses—and perhaps a little *summer slimming*? Your chemist *knows the summer sun*. His care can keep your complexion lovely, your make-up right, your hair lustrous, your eyes glamorous, and your figure *safely* slim. And summer is the time for pictures. Your chemist has cameras for everything from simple snaps to complete home movies, and he'll show you how to use them; ask him.

## How to make it the greatest summer...



### Ask your family chemist!



Your family chemist—  
personal service with  
professional care.

75-23

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on. You must have known that?" The sarcasm was thick, real Australian scorn, but he didn't care.

Denzil gazed at him steadily, then nodded. "What's the murder charge?"

Malone told him. Denzil gave him an expression of disbelief, and Malone felt the temper rise in him again. "We've got all the facts, Superintendent—"

"I'm not disbelieving you, Sergeant. I'm just wondering—"

"When I'm taking him back?" Malone backed down, putting himself in the other policeman's place. Then he told Denzil about Quentin's request and Leeds' agreement to it. "I've just got off the phone to my Commissioner—"

"It's highly irregular, I must say."

Malone took a chance. "I should think that in Special Branch you'd be used to a lot of stuff that's highly irregular."

For the first time Denzil really smiled, a genuine grin that was so unexpected Malone at first didn't believe it. Just as unexpectedly he put out his hand. "We'll keep it quiet, Sergeant."

Malone shook the firm beefy hand. "Nobody knows about this except you, me, and him. Unless he's just told his wife—Do you have to tell anyone else?"

"Murder isn't my job. Unless it's a political murder. I don't have to tell anyone, Sergeant. Not for a few days, anyway."

"We'll be gone by the end of the week. After that you can tell anyone you want—just give me time to get him back to Sydney."

THERE was a tap on the door and Denzil moved toward it. Before he opened it he stopped, looked back, and smiled again, still a genuine grin. "I did know there was a conference on."

"Sorry," said Malone. Denzil opened the door. Sergeant Coburn stood there and just behind him was Quentin. "Nothing over in the gardens, sir."

"I'm afraid this will mean having a man with you all the time now, sir," Denzil said.

"In addition to Mr. Malone?" Quentin said.

"We're responsible for you—at least while this conference is going on. Mr. Malone has explained the nature of his duty with you." He paused a moment, and Quentin nodded. "But I'm afraid Sergeant Coburn will still have to stay with you."

Quentin glanced at Malone, almost as if looking for the latter's approval, then shrugged. "If you say so. But I don't want a word of this to get out—"

"I understand," Denzil said. "I think we can keep everything quiet, sir."

"Thank you," said Quentin.

Five minutes later Denzil had gone and with him Coburn, who would be back again first thing in the morning. The uniformed policeman had taken up his post outside the front door. Joseph had locked the doors and windows, like someone shutting up the house before going away on a long holiday, and had retired to his room in the basement of the house. No one other than the policeman outside seemed to have heard the shot, or if they had they were diplomatically minding their own business.

Quentin and Malone stood in the living-room; their exhaustion was mutual.

"I told my wife," Quentin poured himself a drink with hands that shook. He looked at Malone, who shook his head in puzzlement. "It was

like committing a second murder."

Malone was tired. He made a gesture that was meaningless; he was so weary he could hardly control his hands. "I had to tell Denzil—"

"You don't have to excuse yourself—what's your first name?"

"Scobie."

"I once read a book by a Russian. It said that after a while your jailer becomes a sort of relation. So you won't mind if I call you Scobie when we're alone?"

"Call me anything you like if it relieves the strain."

"Nothing is going to relieve the strain, Scobie, believe me. Nothing at all. Least of all this." He looked at his glass, then drained it in one gulp.

Then Lisa came to the door. "Mr. Malone, Joseph has lent you a pair of Mr. Quentin's pyjamas, and I've put some books beside your bed in case you want to read. There's

## FOR THE CHILDREN

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



also a new toothbrush. We'll pick up your things from your hotel tomorrow."

"Miss Efficiency," said Quentin. "One day I'm going to find a flaw in you, Lisa. Not to gloat over. Just so that I won't feel so damned inefficient myself."

Lisa smiled. "I'm full of flaws. Women, if they want to, can hide them better, that's all."

"You should teach us men the trick," said Malone, and wondered why he had spoken, not for himself, but for Quentin.

Lisa looked at Quentin. "You're quite worn out. Is there anything I can get you?"

Quentin shook his head. "Has my wife gone to bed?"

"I think what happened to-night has upset her. I said good night to her, but she didn't seem to hear me."

Traces of exhaustion, like faint smudge marks, showed on her own face; the night had bruised them all, but in different ways. And suddenly Malone was grudgingly thankful for the assassination attempt. It would provide an excuse for the atmosphere that would surely be here in the house tomorrow. "I hope you both feel better in the morning."

"Thank you, Lisa," said Quentin, and he was too tired to keep the irony from his voice. Malone looked quickly at Lisa, but she, too, was tired: she had missed it.

Quentin said good night to them both and trudged up the winding staircase out of the hall. Lisa stared after him, a thin crease between her brows suddenly spoiling the cool beauty of her face. Is she in love with him? Malone wondered; and hoped not.

"What's happened to him, Scobie?" Malone had told her his name earlier in the evening, but this was the first time she had used it. "All of a sudden he looks so worn out."

"That conference is a load on his back. And being shot at doesn't always raise the adrenalin."

She looked at him, the crease disappearing from her brow. "I think there is more

## THE HIGH COMMISSIONER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

buried in you than you allow to show."

He shook his head. He would like to know her better, but not tonight; he was wishing she would go. She sensed his tiredness, began to walk up the staircase ahead of him. "I'll see you at breakfast. Are you talkative at breakfast?"

"Not usually," said Malone, and wondered who would be talkative at all tomorrow.

In his room a pair of pyjamas had been laid out on the bed. He cleaned his teeth with the new brush that stood in the glass on the basin in one corner of the room. He noticed that Lisa, or Joseph, had provided toothpaste, shaving brush and razor, after-shave lotion, tissues. He picked up the after-shave lotion, something he had never used, and smelled it. He grinned at himself in the

not when abroad. At home it is a different thing."

"How much longer then do we have?"

"Not long at all. Two, three days at the most. The man who was with Quentin last night, the one you said seemed suspicious of your car—I think I met him at the reception. I wonder what he is?"

"He seemed a little more adventurous than the usual junior diplomat. They are generally very intent on self-preservation, so they can survive and be promoted to ambassadors. Do you think he might be a security man?"

"Perhaps you had better find out. Are you covering the conference tomorrow?"

"I have to make a show of being a journalist. When this is over, I hope I can retire."

"You should be able to."

## FOR THE CHILDREN



mirror: if Lisa or Joseph had decided that this was his smell, he liked it. Simple and sharp: they had decided he was not the sophisticated, languorous type. He got undressed and got into bed.

All at once Malone wished the assassin's bullet had found Quentin tonight. There was a horror that he could wish for another man's death; but Quentin, consciously or unconsciously, was beginning to make too much demand on him. Then he fell asleep and dreamed of Quentin and himself handcuffed together in the dock. The judge was Planetary, smiling his warm sincere grin at both of them.

In the apartment in Exhibition Road, Madame Cholon

led the way to the door. She showed a hint of gratitude, obliquely, as if it were a weakness: "I hope you will be paid enough."

Pallain looked around the apartment. "I'd like to live in something like this, but overlooking the Seine."

"Perhaps I shall visit you when I come to Paris," she smiled, having no intention of it.

He looked at her, at the slim figure under the *ao dais* that had learned all the professional tricks of love and was now going to waste. This was the first time he had been alone with her since they had arrived in London. Trong Tho had been dropped at the small flat where he and Pham Chinh were staying in Not-

nated himself to be another victim on Madame Cholon's list. Damn his French tongue: always looking for the biting exit line.

When Malone came downstairs in the morning, Joseph was waiting for him in the hall. He looked with a sickened eye at Malone's suit, then said, "This way, sir. What would you like for breakfast?"

"I like a good breakfast. How about a steak with an egg?"

He followed Joseph into a dining-room and out on to a small patio where Sheila Quentin, in a green silk housecoat, sat at a glass-topped wrought-iron table. Malone sat down and Joseph went back to the kitchen to order steak and egg for the barbarian's breakfast. Sheila nodded toward a large jug of orange juice on the table.

"Are you expecting a big day, Mr. Malone? I heard you ordering a real bush breakfast."

"Did I do the wrong thing?"

"Not at all. I like to see a man eat. How's your face?"

He felt the small scab on his chin. He had taken off the sticking-plaster; he knew from experience that cuts healed quickly on him. He had no doubts that physically he would be able to stand up to anything that might face him in the next few days; it was his emotions that might prove vulnerable. "I'll survive. Has Mr. Quentin gone?"

"I made him have breakfast in bed this morning. It was a long time before we both got to sleep last night." She smiled, a sad smile that only added to the new look of age in her face. "Usually we both sleep very well."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Quentin. I mean, about—"

"You have to do your job." She sipped her coffee, staring into the distance. "He's a good man, you know. Not just good in his job—he's excellent at that—but also good in himself."

"Did he tell you why he killed—his first wife?"

She smiled again, dryly this time. "A wife doesn't have to give evidence against her husband, Mr. Malone."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean it like that."

"I know you didn't. Drink your orange juice."

She stared at him for a

his hand on hers as she turned her head and began to smile silently.

She kept her head bowed for almost a minute while she sat leaning toward her attitude of sympathy. She looked up, took a handkerchief from the pocket of her housecoat, and wiped her eyes. The glare from the white walls was increasing; the sun climbed higher, picked up a pair of mugs and put them on.

"Joseph will notice eyes. I'll go and repair before he brings you a steak and egg." She stood pausing for a moment, her hand on the back of a chair. What had she been like when Quentin had met her? "You're a kind aren't you?"

He shrugged, embarrassed. "I don't know. I'm kind, or I may just have a sense of guilt. Don't tell Mrs. Quentin. I'm trying to get involved with your husband."

"You're right, Mr. Malone. Unfortunately for some involvement is part of the nature. Especially when nature is a good and honest one."

Then she turned and into the house, leaving one wondering if she been speaking about someone else, or no one at all.

Lisa, cool and beautiful in a mushroom lined came out and sat down the table. "I've had a fast, but Mrs. Q. thought you might like pany. She's still upset last night, isn't she?"

He nodded, saved from anything by the smile of Joseph.

"Your steak and egg said the butler, and sound as if he were the head of John the Baptist."

"My apologies to the said Malone, his appetite's gone, but I've changed my mind. I think I'll just toast and marmalade. Being difficult, Joseph?"

"No, sir. Just what may be permitted the ment. Will there be anything further?"

"I have to go out buy a suit, a dark one, standard size, so I can one off the peg. Would you recommend, Joseph?"

"Madame has already me to lay out one of Excellency's suits for me. No, I was going to one, anyway." He turned to Lisa. "Has Sergeant Coburn arrived yet?"

"He's out in the from the External Department at the House. They come here morning and ride in with Quentin. They're part of advisory team at the moment."

"He'll be safe then," he said, and instantly sorry. He shadow cross her face noticed her hand tightening the coffee-pot she had picked up. He looked at Joseph, whose face was impassive as the white of the garden behind. "Would you call me? I'll be ready in ten minutes."

"Sir, perhaps you care to have me come you?"

Malone suddenly and looked at Lisa. "I think it might be an idea?"

"Joseph knows what the well-dressed should wear."

"Point taken," said one, still grinning, and ded to Joseph. "OK. You and I mightn't be Jeeves and Bertie but we'll give it a minute."

The butler went taking the steak and him, relieved that

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## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



said, "We shall just have to try again."

"It's going to be more difficult from now on. They'll have a guard with him all the time. Why not try someone else? One of the Africans?"

"No, no one else at the conference has Quentin's influence. The other delegates just make noises. They will vote when the time comes, but they do not want to go on record as having put forward any motions. Some do not want to offend China, the others do not want to offend America. One does not spit in the eye of the country that is paying one's bills. At least,

ting Hill, then Pham Chinh had taken the car south of the river to dump it. Pallain himself had come here to Madame Cholon's apartment by taxi. The night was still young by his timing:

"This is a big apartment for one woman—"

The smile went, the eyes turned to black glass.

"You are being well paid for what you are doing. There will be no bonuses." He pursed his lips, then shrugged. "It's my father in me. He always did have an eye for the native women." He went out quickly, slamming the door behind him. He knew he had just nomi-

long moment, then she smiled. "I'm sorry, Mr. Malone. But now I'm the one who's going to be untactful. Are you going to the conference today with my husband?"

"That's the idea."

"Then you had better change into another suit. Do you have a dark one?"

"Only this one. And a sports jacket. I'll go and buy myself a dark suit. I could do with one, anyway."

"There'll be no need. You can wear one of my husband's. He won't be needing them much longer. What color do they wear now in jail, Mr. Malone?"

"Don't," he said, and put



There's nothing as nice as ...

# A GARDEN-FRESH SALAD

By ALLAN SEALE

**VEGETABLES** need an open, sunny position. Give them a good start by adding to the soil rotted compost, manure, or other organic material, and a dressing of good complete plant food.

A dressing of lime is beneficial where soils are known to be acid, except for tomatoes, radish, parsley, and potatoes.

Varieties for home-growing can be chosen purely for eating qualities and flavor, as are those recommended here.

## CARROTS

Freshly harvested carrots have a special flavor. They are easy to grow, but don't require a poor soil, as sometimes suggested. A bed well fed for a previous leaf crop is ideal.

Otherwise, use a good complete plant food, 2oz. (½ cup) to the sq. yd., forked evenly into the soil.

Sow thinly in rows 9 or 10in. apart. If the soil cruts, cover rows with a sprinkling of fibrous compost or ½in. of vermiculite or seed-raising mixture. Press down firmly before watering. Thin out plants to an inch or two apart as soon as possible.

Varieties such as Manchester Table, Western Red, or Chantenay have the finest flavor, but Topweight is the easiest to grow in all districts in all carrot-

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● **Chives add flavor to salads and savories. As they grow as well in pots as in a garden bed, they can, like mustard and cress, be enjoyed by unit dwellers. Provide plenty of cracks for drainage in friable soil. Keep well watered and feed occasionally with liquid manure.**

planting seasons. Western Red is good in spring and summer, but for best results don't sow in autumn or winter.

## BETROOT

Grow under similar conditions to carrots, then thin out to about 4in. between plants. Varieties best for color and flavor are Derwent Globe, Topmarket, and Turnip Rooted.

## LETTUCE

To win good hearts from lettuce during hot weather, keep them growing rapidly or they may run to seed. Keep them moist and regularly fed.

Avoid growth check caused by the shock of transplanting in hot weather by sowing seed direct into beds made up as suggested (lettuce like plenty of lime), in short rows 12 to 15in. apart.

Sow a pinch of three or four seeds at 10 to 12in. spacings, cover with a little compost or seed-raising mixture, and pat down firmly. Soak with a fine spray.

Remove all but the sturdiest seedling in each batch soon after they appear.

Soak the plants once a week with complete liquid manure a little weaker than recommended. Sow a small batch of lettuce every few weeks.

Great Lakes, a market variety, is a large, solid lettuce. The heart leaves look crisp and attractive, but are coarse textured; but it does heart during hot weather more readily than other varieties.

Imperial 847 is finer textured and more palatable, but needs more coaxing to produce firm hearts during summer.

Butterhead and Green Mignonette are tender, waxy textured lettuce with a pleasant nutty flavor. They don't make tight hearts, but all the inner leaves are palatable. They are easy to grow.

Imperial 615, Imperial D, and Triumph mature well only in cool weather. Don't sow before April.

## CABBAGE

Cabbage is now a popular component of salads. Sugarloaf or Earliball have the best flavor and finest texture. They don't hold in heart as long as hybrid market types, but you can plant small batches often—say, once a month.

In most soils they prefer a good soaking every few days to daily watering.

Regular use of a good cabbage dust will keep them free from pests. Change to derris dust or pyrethrum spray within a few weeks of harvest to avoid toxicity.

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## RADISH

Radishes are quick and easy to grow. Most soils suit them. Don't add lime unless it is known to be very acid. Sow in rows about 6in. apart, thin out to 2in. between the plants. Give plenty of water, and weekly liquid manure.

## ONIONS

When grown for storing, onions should not be sown in temperate areas until late April, but they can be sown almost any time and used when young as spring onions or shallots.

Use up to a cup of garden lime to the sq. yd. and 1-3rd cup of complete plant food. Mix in well, firm down, and mark rows about 9in. apart. Sow thinly, covering as suggested for carrots where surface is inclined to cake.

When plants are 2 to 3in. high, feed fortnightly with packeted liquid manure. Thin out by using, after about 10 weeks.

## MUSTARD AND CRESS

These are nutritious, tasty additions to salads and sandwiches, and even the flat-dweller can grow them in pots or seed boxes.

Mustard usually takes about four weeks to mature and cress five, so cress is planted about a week before mustard.

Use ordinary garden soil or potting mixture, broadcast the seed lightly over the surface. Place in shade or part shade and keep moist. Water with one of the packeted synthetic liquid manures about a week after they show up, then again a fortnight later. Harvest with scissors, close to ground level.

## CUCUMBERS

There is still time to plant these in all but cold districts. They can sprawl over the ground, but in small gardens are easier to manage on a low trellis.

About 1-3rd cup of complete plant food mixed in prior to sowing is usually sufficient for the duration of the crop. Sow four or five seeds at 3ft. intervals, and allow the two strongest to remain.

Cucumbers are apple-shaped or long-green; if long-green, try mildew-resistant types such as Stomo or Supermarket.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

## THE HIGH COMMISSIONER

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and been averted and the origins hadn't yet taken her Belgravia. Malone drew on toast and marmalade and sipped the coffee as he had poured for him. "You did a very nice thing last night, chas—that man with the gun." "It was just a reflex action. I could just as easily have run the other way." "Perhaps. But you didn't," she looked down at the cup of coffee she had poured for herself. She wanted to know that man Malone better, but he feared if it was left to her she would learn nothing. "Then are you going back?" "Four or five days." What was she getting at? Had she tried the real reason for being here? "Are you going to look around London?" "I won't have time."

LISA smiled. "Your time here and you're going to try to do it? This is the most interesting city in the world, isn't it? You know that? There's surprise round every corner. There is only one other place that has that quality of surprise — Paris." "I don't know about Paris, you're certainly right about London: it has its surprises. Such as gunmen in its streets." Then Quentin was standing in the doorway, dressed in a dark jacket and striped trousers, a homburg hat in his hand and a black briefcase in the other. Behind him were Sergeant Coburn and other men.

Mr. Larter and Mr. Quentin introduced two strangers, not in an odd way but due regard each of them. He had all small qualities that in the week, Malone thought, he is going to be an awful

lot of people with shattered illusions. This was not going to be just one man's tragedy. Larter was a short, slim man with horn-rimmed glasses. "Mr. Quentin told us what happened last night. I don't think we can be too careful. What do you think, Sam?"

"If they were game enough to try it once, they'll be game enough to try it again. The Eastern Asians, the ones with some Chinese blood in them, they don't give up easily. The Chinese invented patience," Edgar said.

"You think the Chinese might have been responsible for this?" Despite what Sheila had said about his restless night, Quentin looked calm and in control of himself.

"They're the ones I'd lay my money on," said Edgar.

"Don't lay any money on anyone, Sam," said Quentin. "The field is wide open. Sometimes I think we are a generation too late, that things must have been much simpler in the 'thirties. Dictators have their advantages. At least you know whom you're dealing with."

"We don't want another Hitler," said Larter. "Least of all an Asian one."

"We'll get one eventually, Phil. You can be sure of that. Dictators are like volcanoes. They keep recurring and no one has yet found a way of stopping them. Maybe not in our time, but some day there'll be another Hitler. I'm sorry to be so pessimistic so early in the morning and on such a beautiful day." He looked up at the sky, bright and cloudless: a high-flying plane glittered like a tossed gem. "In the meantime, shall we go and try to preserve peace a little longer?"

"If things go as they did yesterday, we may do just that." Larter was all dedication, full of a nervous

energy. But looking at him Malone had the feeling that Larter would enjoy an unsuccessful conference just as much; all he wanted was the opportunity to bargain and argue. "Preserve peace, I mean."

Quentin looked at Malone. "Joseph tells me he's taking you shopping. I hope I haven't been the cause of your spending more than you'd intended."

"No, sir. I just don't want to be too conspicuous. I make too good a target. I'll be at Lancaster House in an hour. I'm sure Sergeant Coburn will see you're all right."

Coburn nodded, still serious and intense even though he was out from under the shadow of Denzil this morning. Then Quentin turned and led the way back into the house. Lisa went with the men, Edgar sticking close by her elbow; and Malone was left to himself. He picked up the newspapers that lay on one of the wrought-iron chairs. The headlines were the usual miserable chant that seemed today's litany: war, floods, droughts.

"Do you always look so worried when you're on a case?"

He folded the newspapers and put them back on the chair as Sheila Quentin came out on to the patio. "Often."

"Why are you a policeman?"

"My dad used to ask me that. But he used to be venomous about it. I was never able to give him a satisfactory answer. I don't think I could give you one. It's a job, it pays me enough, and, well, it's interesting."

"And soul-destroying?"

"Sometimes."

She stared at him for a

while, as if debating whether to query him further. Then she looked down toward the small garden and the dwarf trees. "I wish we had a real tree here. In our garden in Canberra we had some beautiful trees. I've always loved trees, ever since I was a child. We lived in the country and I had a favorite tree, a coolibah, that I used to sit under and dream about what I'd do when I grew up."

"I didn't think coolibahs grew in the bush down around Perth. They're a tree from the eastern States."

She still wore the sunglasses, but he knew that her eyes had looked sharply at him from behind the dark panes. "Where did you learn about trees?"

"When you're a policeman you pick up lots of useless information."

"How did you know I came from the West?"

"I took it for granted. There wasn't much on you in the file on your husband, just that he'd married you in Perth."

"You have a file on him?"

"That thick." He measured with his fingers.

"Would I be allowed to read it?"

He shook his head. "It wouldn't help any. And it might make you feel worse. In any case, it's officially secret." But he wanted to know more about her: "Are you from New South Wales? Or over that way?"

"No, I'm from the West. This coolibah was brought over by my grandfather. I suppose he was like me, sentimental about trees."

He was relieved when Joseph, dressed for the street, came to the door. "The taxi is waiting, sir."

"Well, here goes." He felt inside his jacket to make sure he had his travellers' cheques. "I didn't expect to come all this way to be camouflaged."

"You might enjoy it. It's fun sometimes." Then Sheila Quentin bit her lip; all the years of camouflage could not have been much fun for her husband.

Malone excused himself and went out to buy a suit that would not make him so conspicuous. Flannery had pledged him to secrecy; he wondered if the dark suit could be charged to expenses on that account. He wondered, too, how you charged the expenditure of yourself. Involvement was not something you entered under petty cash.

Stable Yard in front of Lancaster House was busy with the coming and going of black limousines as the taxi pulled in under the portico and Malone, in his new dark suit, got out. He looked

at the meter, felt in his pocket, and pulled out the exact fare.

The driver stared at it. "Gawd help the Vietnamese. They'll never get any flaming aid from you, will they, mate?" And he drove off furiously, making a Rolls shy back into its pew as it prepared to pull out.

Malone went up the steps, showed his pass to the attendant on the door, and moved on into the crowded vestibule. Quentin had obtained the pass and it had been delivered to Malone just before he had left the house with Joseph. He was marked on the pass as a Special Assistant, but Quentin had warned him it would admit him only to the outer halls of Lancaster House and not to the conference room itself. That had satisfied Malone: if Quentin was not safe in the conference room, safe from assassination and safely in custody, then he was not secure anywhere.

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"Now that the kids are grown up and on their own, why don't you move into a sandlot?"



## THE HIGH COMMISSIONER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45



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The first man he saw was Quentin himself coming down the broad stairs that faced the entrance. Edgar, Larter, and a couple of other men were with him, but Quentin gave the impression of being completely alone: not only alone but lonely. He walked down the stairs with certain tread, but he was blind and deaf to everything in the high-ceilinged hall. His face was closed to the lively, gossiping world about him. He looks like a man in shock, Malone thought, one all ready for execution.

Then Quentin looked across the heads of the crowd and saw Malone. For a moment the eyes

seemed to flinch; the whole handsome face opened in a smile. He came down the last of the steps, losing Edgar and the others, and pushed through the crowd to Malone.

"I hardly recognised you." He looked at the dark blue wool-and-mohair suit, the blue silk knitted tie, the cream silk shirt, the black town brogues.

"You've been throwing your money away, Scobie. All on account of me, too."

Malone shook his head. "It won't be wasted. I'm always being asked to be best man at other fellows' weddings."

"It'll go well at funerals, too,"

said Quentin, then shut his mouth as if he could have bitten off his tongue. Then he shrugged and got morbid.

"I can't help you," said Malone with real regret. Then he glanced about the big high-ceilinged Staircase Hall, at the imitation marble walls, the red-carpeted stairs running up grey columns, the intricately patterned ceiling itself. "They certainly knew how to live in the days."

"I sometimes wonder if it's an appropriate place to debate the fate of men dying in paddy-fields. Marble halls and foxholes—how don't complement each other." Quentin nodded at the white marble bust just by him. "I don't think the old Duke of York here approves. Every morning come in here that smile of yours seems to get more disappointed."

Malone looked around at the chattering crowd: white, brown, and yellow faces were a moving abstract pattern. "All we know, there's a killer two here. I don't think you're safer than those fellers out in the paddy-fields."

"My fate's already decided, isn't it?" Quentin said; and turned away as Larter came up behind him. "How long do we have, Phil?"

Larter looked at him with concern. "Are you all right this morning, sir?" Quentin gave him a curious stare. "I mean, you don't seem to be concentrating well. It was you who suggested a fifteen-minute break."

"Have I been that obvious this morning?"

**L**ARTER said: "You mentioned Indonesian history twice when you meant Chinese history. I'm wondering, sir—perhaps we should tell you what happened last night?"

"Why?"

"Well, it might explain—" was a junior diplomat, but he had not yet learned how to be diplomatic with his boss. "I mean, you were not exactly in command of the conference this morning—like the other days. If the delegates were told what happened, they'd understand why you were—I mean, they were looking to you yesterday."

Quentin did not take offense. Larter's awkward criticism of him. The man has almost too much charity, Malone thought; he once again found himself wondering about Quentin as a man. "I'll do my best to win back the confidence, Phil. In the meantime, what happened last night is classified."

Larter hesitated, then said: "Yes, sir." He turned to Malone. "We expect to break for lunch at one o'clock."

"Sergeant Coburn and I will see that His Excellency gets ready for the afternoon session."

He had just seen Coburn standing at the foot of the stairs, staring intently at everyone who passed within ten feet of him. He excused himself from Quentin and pushed his way through the crowd toward the Special Reserve man. He was some yards short of Coburn when a hand gripped his arm and pulled him up short. He swung quickly on one foot, his fist balled to hit the assailant. Jamaica said, "You're a sort of guy. Are you always aggressive?"

To be continued

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AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 11, 1967

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

AS THE astro-pirates prepare to leave, one orders the pilot to walk out the door of the plane, two miles above the ocean, without a parachute. NOW READ ON:



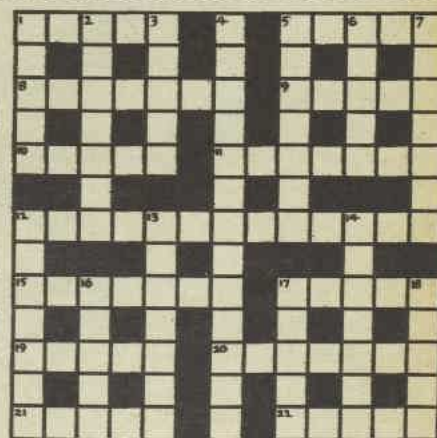
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Fully sufficient for me and a pal (5).
- Strong headwind caused by a disturbed senior (5).
- Tax levied under Anglo-Norman kings, abolished in 14th century (7).
- An oblique equilateral parallelogram (5).
- Valued, mainly dear (5).
- Foolish ending in a convulsive motion (7).
- Maybe comfortable, but not very safe seats (7-6).
- Mountains in Africa between Liberia and Chad with best inside (7).
- Nimble (5).
- Songlike poetry (5).
- The French with an ant for a shrub of the vervain family (7).
- Places for skating, the centre of which can be used for writing (5).
- Resided (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

- Change later (5).
- Judicious (7).
- Lend a S. African antelope (5).
- This tree must be dripping wet (7, 6).
- City in England on the river Wensum (7).
- Bulky in body (5).
- Old Eastern musical instruments about nods (7).
- A stunning blow starting with a broken tart (7).
- Arthropods in bodies of followers (7).
- Copy while I tame it (7).
- No bar for this nobleman (5).
- Bearded with a new, yet a broken, centre (5).
- Establish by law, mostly with cant (5).



# Simply serve with Sao



Sao biscuits make foods taste twice as good, more satisfying and more appetising. At meal times or between-times throughout the day, Sao biscuits make all the difference. There is nothing like a buttered Sao.

**Sao biscuits make all the difference**



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